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INFERNO.

THE

DIVINE COMEDY

OF

DANTE ALIGHIERI

INFERNO

TRANSLATED BY

WARBURTON PIKE

LONDON
C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1881

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PREFACE.

I WAS during the last year precluded to a great extent from my ordinary pursuits, and I translated parts of the "Divina Commedia." The "Inferno" being completed, I wished to have it in print for my own use, and the print is now published. I hope that it may not be thought presumptuous to publish a new translalation after so many others, the merits of which I fully recognize.

The work was done principally without access to my books. Generally I used Scartazzini's edition, and followed Witte's text (ed. 1863). I availed myself of the excellent translations by Longfellow and Pollock to check my own, and I am indebted to them for a few expressions. Lines identical with previous translations were arrived at independently. The rhymed translalations were not used. I had Witte's translation, and found it of great service, but I did not procure the translation by Philalethes until the "Inferno" was complete. Some of the cantos have been previously

published anonymously in "Translations from Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, and Vittoria Colonna" (C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879), and one of the cantos is translated by the same lady who translated the last canto of the "Paradiso," as mentioned in the Preface to that book. She has also helped in the revision of the "Inferno," and by many valuable suggestions.

Terza-rima was adopted without consideration, and persevered in partly because it had been begun; but it is open to question whether the "Divina Commedia" is not best translated in blank verse. I have no right to complain of the difficulties of *terza-rima*—

> "For I took chains I once had borne,
> And placed a neck well rubbed and worn,
> Beneath the yoke spontaneously,"

as Petrarch says. But still I may point out that those difficulties are a bar to literality, which however does not seem to me desirable, and also to some extent not altogether dependent on the ability of the translator, to the choice of the most simple, appropriate, and vivid expression.

My treatment of the Italian proper names has been deemed indicative of ignorance, and may need explanation. Blane, in his "Grammatik der Italiänischen Sprache" (Halle, 1844), classes as diphthongs twenty out of the twenty-five possible combinations of two vowels, although each of the two is more or less distinctly pronounced. In poetry these so-called diph-

thongs have commonly the value of monosyllables. Many, if not all of them, are also used as dissyllables, frequently at the end, and occasionally in other parts of the line. Similar cases abound in English, although the combinations of vowels so treated are not called diphthongs. A few examples drawn from the "Endymion," by Keats, will make the matter clearer:

> "That keeps us from our homes *ethereal.*"
>
> "When some *ethereal* and high-favouring donor."
>
> "That thou dost know of things *mysterious.*"
>
> "His quiver is *mysterious* none can know."
>
> "And I was free of haunts *umbrageous.*"

In Italian even an accented vowel may be slurred. English vowels are rarely slurred where one of them is accented or both come before the principal accent. Thus *pious* in English is never slurred, the corresponding word in Italian, *pio*, being generally slurred and sometimes opened. The exceptions to this rule, as *violent*, are very harsh. Hence, in using Italian words so circumstanced our poets do not adopt the Italian contractions. Thus Shakespeare:

"Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 1: Act I. Sc. 2:

> "When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee."
>
> "To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me."
>
> "Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have."

"Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 3:

> "In the *Rialto* you have rated me."

"Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1:

"That I am *Viola*: which to confirm."

Byron, in "Childe Harold," IV. St. 4, 27:

"With the *Rialto*, Shylock and the Moor."
"Of blue *Friuli's* mountains; Heaven is free."

Byron, in "Don Juan," XVI. St. 45:

"The *Mamma mia's* and the *Amor mio's*,
The *Lasciami's*, and quavering *Addio's*."

Even where the contraction would not be harsh poets slur or open the vowels at pleasure. Thus Byron, in "Childe Harold," IV. St. 41: Beppo, St. 37:

"The lightning rent from *Ariosto's* bust."
"The word was formerly a *Cicisbeo*."

Keats, in "Isabella,"

"O eloquent and famed *Boccaccio*."

Shelley, in the "Cenci," Act I. Sc. 1 and Sc. 3:

"But not of my intent. *Andrea!* My lord."
"Now get thee from my sight. Here *Andrea*."

Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1:

"*Antonio*, O my dear *Antonio*."

"Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 8:

"With him is *Gratiano* gone along."

Following this practice I have generally not slurred

the vowels of Italian proper names, where such slurring would be difficult to the English tongue. I consider that rules of versification, as elision and slurring, are not binding on a translator. For instance, in translating from Latin, we do slur and do not elide, contradicting in both points the Latin rules. So it appears to me improper to elide the terminal vowels of Italian proper names before initial vowels of English words, or even in such cases as "Dante Alighieri," as has been done. Moreover, the opening of the so-called diphthongs, in the cases in which I have used it, is not unsanctioned by the practice of Dante and Petrarch. The French seem to have lost this liberty almost entirely.

WARBURTON PIKE.

PARKSTONE, *February*, 1881.

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  Both of where just, where gracious punishment
  Is given, whence living back to God he went,
  And of all seen brought us the truth and light;
A shining Star, who made my birth-nest bright,
  With fame not earned, by rays upon it sent.
  This world could give him no equivalent;
  Thou, God! who mad'st him, only canst requite.
Dante, I mean; his works were ill and late
  Known by that herd, devoid of thanks and sense,
  Which scants its favours only to the Best.
Yet would that I were he, mine too his fate;
  For his hard exile with his excellence,
  I would exchange all this world's happiest.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI.

INFERNO.

CANTO I.

UPON the journey of our life half way,
I found myself within a gloomy wood,
For I had missed the path and gone astray.
How hard to make that forest understood,
Savage and strong, and tangled everywhere,
(E'en at the thought the terror is renewed,)
So bitter, death is scarcely bitterer;
Rather what good I found therein to show,
I tell the other things discovered there.
10 How I first entered in, I hardly know,
I was about that time so full of sleep,
When from the rightful path I chanced to go.
But having reached the bottom of a steep,
Whereby is terminated that dark glen,
The fear of which had pierced my heart so deep,
I looked on high, and saw the ridges then
Clothed by that planet with a radiant dress,
Whose rays guide rightly on each pathway men.

Thereon the fear grew quieter and less,
20 Which deep within my heart afflicted me,
That night I passed in so much piteousness.
As one who with spent breath drawn pantingly,
From out the billows to the shore has sped,
Turns round and gazes on the perilous sea;
Not otherwise my spirit, that still fled,
Turned to look back upon that glen depressed,
Never with life to be inhabited.
And when I had reposed my limbs distressed,
Again to pass through that wild land I tried,
30 Aye setting one foot higher than that at rest.
Near where commenced the rise of that hill-side,
Behold a panther very quick and light,
With body covered by a spotted hide,
Which ne'er departed from before my sight,
Rather ceased not my journey to oppose
So much, that several times I turned for flight.
It was the earliest morn, the sun uprose
Amid that very sign of stars, wherein
He was what time the Love Divine first chose
40 To bid the roll of those fair things begin.
And so there came to me a hope more clear,
About the beast with that gay-coloured skin,
From the glad morn and spring-tide of the year;
Yet not so that a lion's form, displayed
In front of me, did not occasion fear.
This lion appeared to me as though he made

Towards me, head raised, with want infuriate,
The very air seemed hushed and grown afraid,
With a she-wolf, that from her haggard state
50 Seemed laden with all cravings, and before
Had made much people live all disconsolate.
And this wolf caused discouragement so sore,
Through fear which of the creature's mien I had,
That all my hope to win the height was o'er.
And like as one who while he gains is glad,
If then a time that makes him lose should come,
In every thought he weepeth and is sad;
E'en such that restless beast made me who clomb,
By coming 'gainst me, so that pace by pace,
60 I was pushed downwards where the sun is dumb.
While I was jostled to a lower place,
One, who from silence while long ages ran
Seemed hoarse, presented him before my face.
I seeing him in that great waste began
To say to him, "Have pity thou on me,
Whate'er thou art, or shade, or real man."
"Not man," he said; "I was man formerly;
My parents were both Lombards, and each one
A Mantuan by home and ancestry.
70 So born when Julius' time was long begun,
I lived at Rome in good Augustus' reign,
The age of lying gods was not outrun.
I was a bard, the subject of my strain
Anchises' son, the just, who came from Troy,

When haughty Ilion was burnt and ta'en.
But thou, why turn'st thou back to such annoy,
Why yon delightful hill dost thou not mount,
The cause and true beginning of all joy?"
"Oh, art thou then that Virgil, and that fount
80 Which pours so full a flood of eloquence?"
I answered, bending bashfully my front.
"Let the long study and the love intense,
O pride and light of bards, avail me now,
That made me search thy book with diligence.
Thou art my master, and my author thou,
And thou alone art he, from whom was ta'en
The graceful style that men some fame allow.
Behold the beast for whom I turned again,
Help my escape from her, O Sage renowned,
90 That makes me tremble in each pulse and vein."
"Thou need'st another pathway should be found
For thee," he said, observing my wet eyes;
"Wouldst thou escape from this wild forest ground;
Because that beast for whom thou utterest cries,
Lets no one pass by this way up the hill,
But hinders him so sorely that he dies,
And has a nature so malign and ill,
She never satiates her rapacity,
But after gorging food is hungered still.
100 With many beasts she does adultery,
And shall with others till there come the Hound,

Who shall make her expire in agony.
He shall not feed on pelf or land, but found
His rule on wisdom, love, and rectitude,
And make his people on both Feltros bound,
And prove of this bowed Italy the good,
For which Euryalus and Nisus died,
Turnus, the maid Camilla shed their blood.
This Hound from town to town and far and wide,
110 Shall chase her back again to hell to burn,
Whence Envy brought her hither to abide.
So for thy weal I think and I discern,
That thou shouldst follow me as guide, and fly,
And I will lead thee through a place eterne.
Thou shalt hear hopeless groanings, and descry
The olden spirits grieving, that make quest,
Each one, the second death at length to die.
Thou shalt see spirits who contented rest
In fire, because they hope still at the end,
120 Whene'er that comes, to rise among the Blest;
To whom, if thou thereafter wouldst ascend,
There is a worthier spirit, to whose care
I shall leave thee at parting, and commend.
For that great Emperor, supreme up there,
Will not permit my guidance to his Hall,
Since no allegiance to his law I bare.
He governs there, while reigning over all,
That is his home, and seat of dignity;
Happy are they whom he shall thither call."

130 Then I—"O poet! I demand of thee,
By that same Deity thou didst not know,
That from this ill and wrong I may go free,
To lead me where thou promisedst to go
But now, and to Saint Peter's portal bring,
And those thou representest in such woe."
He then moved on, I closely following.

CANTO II.

Day was departing, and the dusky sky
  Was taking all the animals that stay
  Upon the earth from toil; I, only I,
Was now preparing to withstand the fray
  Both of the journey and the sympathy,
  Which memory unerring shall portray.
O Muses and high Genius! aid ye me,
  O Mind, that wrotest what I there descried,
  Here will be shown thy great nobility.
10 I then commenced—"O Bard, who art my guide,
  See if my forces will be adequate,
  Ere they in this high enterprise be tried.
The sire of Silvius, as thou dost relate,
  Went to the immortal world, though mortal still
  Himself, and was there in the embodied state.
But if the Enemy of every ill,
  Seeing what thing and person as effect
  Must spring from that one, granted him his will,
It seems but fit to those who can reflect,
20 Since he for Rome and the Empire was of old
  In the Empyreal Heaven made sire elect.

Both Rome and Empire, if the truth be told,
  Were made therewith a holy place to frame,
  Which the successors of Saint Peter hold.
Through that descent, for which thou giv'st him fame,
  He heard of things foretold him in the Abyss,
  Whence victory and the Papal mantle came.
The Chosen Vessel went there after this,
  To fetch proofs thence, wherewith to fortify
30 That faith with which begins the road to bliss.
But I—why go? who gives me leave to try?
  I am not good Æneas, Paul much less.
  No others think me worthy, nor do I.
Hence, if I yield to going, I confess
  I do fear lest the journey be unwise.
  Thou'rt sage and knowest more than I express."
Like one unwilling a willed enterprise,
  Who on fresh thinking changes his intent,
  And from beginning quite shrinks back and flies,
40 Such I became on that obscure descent,
  By wasting all that enterprise in thought,
  To which I was before so quickly bent.
"If what thou sayest I have rightly caught,"
  (Such answer then the hero's spirit made,)
  "Thy soul is by that cowardice distraught,
Whereby men's souls are greatly overlaid,
  And turned from famous works back frequently,
  Like beasts by falsely seeing when afraid.

To loose thee now from such timidity,
50 I will tell why I came, and what request
First made me feel a sympathy for thee.
I was 'mongst those who intermediate rest,
And heard a lady fair and blest to-day
Call me, whom I bade tell me her behest.
Her eyes shone with a more resplendent ray
Than stars, and she began then sweet and low,
With angel-voice, in her own tongue to say,
'Kind Poet, who to Mantua didst owe
Thy birth, of whom lasts yet the fame wide-spread,
60 And will endure as long as Time shall flow,
My friend, not Fortune's, is so hindered
Upon his journey on the wild hill-side,
That he has now turned back for very dread.
I fear he has already strayed so wide,
That I have risen to succour him too late,
If what I hear in heaven be verified.
Now do thou start, and with thy speech ornate,
And what he needs to 'scape, give him such aid,
That I be comforted about his state;
70 And I am Beatrice who have thus prayed,
I came from whither I desire to fly,
Love made me come here, love this speech has made.
When I shall stand before my Lord on high,
Thy praise shall often in my prayers be shown.'

She became silent then, and thus 'gan I:
'Lady of virtue! thou, through whom alone
All things contained within the narrowest sphere
Have by the human species been outgrown,
I hold what thou commandest me so dear,
80 E'en past had seemed too late obedience,
Thou need'st not strive to make thy wish more clear;
But tell the cause why thou didst not dispense
With coming to this centre down below
From that wide space, to which thou wouldst mount hence?'
'Since so far inwardly thou long'st to know,'
She said in answer, 'I will briefly tell
Why I fear not within this deep to go;
We fear those things alone, if we judge well,
That have the power to hurt somewhat or much,
90 The others not—they are not terrible.
I have been made by God (thanks to Him!) such
That misery cannot to my being rise,
No flames of all this conflagration touch.
There is a gentle lady in the skies
Pitying that hindrance unto which I send
Thy help; hard justice breaketh in this wise.
This one requested Lucia to attend,
And said, "Thy faithful one has need of thee,
Whom also to thy charge I recommend."
100 Lucia, the foe of every cruelty,

Departed, and to where I was withdrew,
Who sat in ancient Rachel's company,
And said, "O Beatrice, God's honour true,
Why help'st not him who bore thee love so high,
And through thee issued from the vulgar crew?
Dost thou not hear the pity of his cry,
Seest not the death that rings him all around,
Upon the flood wherewith no sea can vie?"
In all the world no one was ever found
So quick to shun a loss, or weal to claim,
As I was after hearing such words sound;
So hither from my seat in heaven I came,
Trusting thy noble eloquence would aid,
Which honours both thy hearers and thy name.'
And after all these matters had been said,
Her eyes, that shone through tears, were on me bent,
Wherefore my journey was more quickly made.
I came to thee fulfilling her intent,
And from before that beast took thee away,
That barred the beauteous hill's direct ascent.
What reason is there then? Why, why delay?
Why fondle in thy heart such cowardice?
Canst not some courage, some frank heart display,
When three such ladies who abide in bliss
Above in the celestial mansions hold
Thy weal so dear, and I have promised this?"

Just as the flowers, which the nocturnal cold
  Has bent and closed, when whitened by the sun,
  Rising erect upon their stalks unfold,
130 So I raised up my courage all undone,
  And then spoke like a person bold and free,
  So much good courage to my heart had run,
"How merciful was she who succoured me!
  And thy obedience, how prompt and kind,
  To the trustworthy words she spoke to thee
Thou hast with thy expressions so inclined
  My soul upon that journey to depart,
  That I have quite returned to my first mind.
Now go, since one sole will rules either heart,
140 Thou guide, thou lord, thou teacher, on the road?"
  Thus did I say; then having made a start,
Adown a deep and savage path I strode.

CANTO III.

THROUGH ME THE WAY IS TO THE CITY OF WOE,
THROUGH ME THE WAY IS ENDLESS WOE TO PROVE,
THROUGH ME THE WAY IS 'MONG LOST FOLK TO GO.
JUSTICE MY HIGH CREATOR FIRST DID MOVE,
MADE ME THE DIVINE OMNIPOTENCY,
THE HIGHEST WISDOM, AND THE PRIMAL LOVE.
NOUGHT WAS CREATE BEFORE ME, SAVE IT BE
A THING ETERNE, ETERNAL I ENDURE,
LEAVE EVERY HOPE O YE THAT ENTER ME.
10 Upon a gateway's rock-entablature
I saw these words in sombre colour writ,
Whence I—"Their meaning, Master, is obscure."
He said, as one by trial knowing it,
"Here it behoves to leave all fear behind,
And that all cowardice die here is fit;
For we have reached the place, where thou wilt find,
As told thee, people whom all woes torment,
Since they have lost the highest good of mind."
He took my hand in his, and guidance lent,
20 And I drew courage from the cheer he kept;
Thus led, amongst the things concealed I went.

Here sighs, and deep-drawn groans, and sobbings swept,
Surging and whirling through the starless air,
Wherefore, at the first entrance in, I wept.
Horrid dialects, tongues dissimilar,
Sad words, tones shrill and hoarse, and angry cries,
Mingled wherewith the sounds of smitings were,
Bred aye a tumult, that revolving flies
In that stained air by timeless gloom o'erspread;
So whirls the sand when gusts to whirlwinds rise.
And I, for horror still enwrapped my head,
Said, "Master, this I hear—what may it be?
What folk is this, by grief thus vanquishèd?"
Then he to me—"This kind of misery,
The wretched souls of those have as their due,
Who merited nor praise nor infamy;
They are conjoined with the evil angel-crew
Who, siding by themselves, did not rebel
Against their God, nor yet to Him were true;
Chased out lest heaven might be less fair, they fell;
Deep hell refused them, lest the accursed should gain
Some glory from their company in hell."
Then I—"What, Master, causes them such pain?
And those deep lamentations come from what?"
He answered, "Very shortly I'll explain:
Those spirits even a hope of death have not,
And their blind life is so debasèd now,

They envy every other spirit's lot;
No fame of them the world will e'er allow,
50 Mercy and Justice both view them with scorn,
Speak not of them, but look and pass by, thou."
As I looked on I saw a flag upborne
And circling round with such great quickness run,
It seemed to me all rest, all pause to spurn.
And after it so long a train came on
Of people, that a crowd like that one is,
I never thought had been by Death undone.
When I had recognized that one and this,
I saw and knew the shade of him who signed
60 The great relinquishment from cowardice.
That suddenly made clear and sure my mind,
I felt that these the school of sinners were,
To which, nor God, nor yet his foes are kind.
They never truly lived, and all stripped bare,
Poor wretches, were stung greatly by a brood
Of wasps, and by huge gadflies dwelling there.
And down their countenances trickled blood,
Which falling at their feet with tear-drops blent
Was swallowed up by loathsome worms for food.
70 And when I strained to look, still more intent,
Folk on a wide stream's bank emerged to sight;
Wherefore I said, "O Master, now consent
To teach who these are, and what rule of right
Makes such an eagerness to cross be shown,
As I discern by this uncertain light?"

Then he to me—"The matter will be known,
What time our onward footsteps halt at last
Upon the mournful shore of Acheron."
Thenceforth with eyes ashamèd and downcast,
80 Fearing my speaking had annoyed my Guide,
Up to the bank withholding speech I passed.
Then lo! approaching in a boat our side
A Being white with hair uncut and old,
"Woe to you! souls of wickedness," he cried,
"Hope not that ye will ever heaven behold;
I come to take you to the other strand,
Unto eternal shadows, heat and cold;
And thou, O living soul, who there dost stand,
Withdraw thyself from those who live no more."
90 Seeing I did not stir for his command,
He said, "Through other ports thou'lt reach the shore,
By other ways, not by my ferrying,
A lighter vessel will convey thee o'er."
"Charon! vex not thyself about this thing,
Because it is so willed," my Leader said;
"Where will is power, cease further questioning."
Hereon the woolly jaws were quieted,
Upon that boatman of the livid flood,
Around whose eyes was flame in circles spread.
100 But then those spirits that were tired and nude,
Gnashing their teeth together, changed in hue,
When once those cruel words were understood.

They cursed their God and their own parents too,
All human kind, the time and place and seed
To which their origin and birth were due.
And then they all in company with speed,
And weeping hard, to that bank onward strode,
Awaiting all who pay to God no heed.
The demon Charon, with the eyes that glowed,
110 Beckoning to them, collects each criminal,
And with his oar strikes loiterers by the road.
As in the Autumn leaves drop off and fall,
One following another, till the tree
Sees lying on the ground its clothing all,
In like guise Adam's evil progeny
Leap from the river-margin, one by one,
At signs, as hawks at lures stoop willingly.
Then o'er the dusky stream they get them gone,
And ere they land upon the other side,
120 There is on this a new-grown union.
"Know thou, my son," the courteous Master cried,
"That from all lands the souls of those meet here,
Whoever in the wrath of God have died;
They hold the passage of that river dear,
Because God's justice aye impels them so
That unto great desire is changed the fear.
And o'er that stream good spirits never go,
Therefore if Charon speaks in such harsh strain,
What his speech means thou may'st now clearly know."

130 When he had ceased to speak the dusky plain
Quaked so, that through the shock's dread violence,
Sweat bathes me when I think of that again.
The land of tears gave forth a blast; and thence
There shot a lightning flash vermilion red,
Which overmastered in me every sense,
I fell like one by slumber conquerèd.

CANTO IV.

Broke a loud thunder-clap the slumber deep
  Within my head. I started in such guise,
  As one upstarts aroused by force from sleep,
And rising upright cast about my eyes,
  Now rested, and intently looked around,
  That where I was, I might so recognize.
It was in sooth the topmost ring and bound,
  To which from that hell-valley of despair,
  Rise the unnumbered wails in thunder-sound.
10 Deep was that pit and dark with misty air,
  So that although I strained my eyes to see
  The bottom, I could not discern aught there.
The Poet, pale all over, said to me,
  "Unto the blind world make we here descent,
  I will go first, the second thou shalt be."
Then I who saw his hue was different—
  "If thou fear'st, how shall I go, Master dear,
  Who giv'st me courage in discouragement?"
And he—"The agony of people here
20 Depicts upon my countenance what is
  Compassion, not as thou mistakest, fear.

Let us proceed, the long way urges this."
So did he enter, so he made me go
Into the ring that first surrounds the abyss.
There, so far as listening could make me know,
Was no sound of sobbing, but only sighs
That made the air trembling and ever so;
And sorrow caused this, free from agonies,
Seeming from many a thickly crowded band
30 Of infants, women, and of men to rise.
Then the good Master—"You do not demand
Who are the forms you see, and yet I need
That you, ere going further, understand
They did no sin, but even when good indeed,
The unbaptized work unavailingly;
That doctrine is a portion of your creed.
And if they lived ere Christianity,
They did not in due manner God adore,
And midst the ones of this sort reckon me.
40 For this defect, and nothing ill or more,
We're lost, but punished only in this way,—
We live and long, although all hope is o'er."
Grief wrung my heart, when thus I heard him say,
Learning that folk who highly merited
Thus in hell-rim, as though suspended, stay.
"Tell me, O Master, tell me, Lord," I said,
Wishing to make that faith a certitude
Whereby our errors are all vanquishèd,

"E'er issued any hence for being good,
50 Or through Another, and then heavenward clomb?"
He who my covered meaning understood,
Answered, "I was but newly in this home,
When I saw One in mighty power arrayed,
And crowned with a victorious token, come.
He drew from us our first forefather's shade,
Abel his son, and Noah, following,
And Moses who gave laws, and well obeyed,
Abraham Patriarch, and David King,
And with his sons and father Israel,
60 And Rachel won by his long labouring,
And many others made acceptable
In heaven, before whom, I would have you know,
No human soul was ever saved from hell."
We did not for his talking cease to go,
But ever through the wood we onward wound,
I mean through souls thick-set as forests grow.
Ere we had yet come far from yonder ground,
Where I had slept, there came a fire in face,
That lit a hemisphere of shade around.
70 This still was distant by some little space.
Yet not so far but I discerned in part,
That honourable folk possessed that place.
"O thou that lov'st all science and all art,
Who are they, those who have such honour paid,

That from the others' life keeps them apart?"
Then he to me—"The reverence displayed
For them in life above, where thou makest stay,
Gains grace in heaven and such advancement made."
And at this time I heard a clear voice say,
80 "Unto the lofty bard give honour due,
Whose shade returns, that went but now away."
And when the voice had sunk and silent grew,
I saw advance four Shades of majesty,
Whose mien was neither gay nor sad to view.
Then my good Master thus began to me—
"Observe the one that has the sword in hand,
Who comes as lord before the other three:
Lo, Homer, king of bards in every land;
Horace the satirist next him comes on,
90 Ovid is third, and Lucan ends the band.
And since that name belongs to them each one,
Which the sole voice just now was heard to cite,
They do me honour that is rightly done."
Thus I beheld the noble school unite,
Of him the lord of loftiest poesy,
Who soars above the rest in eagle flight.
When they had talked awhile in company,
With signs of welcome they towards me faced,
My Master marked such greeting smilingly.
100 I was with yet much higher honour graced,
For in their fellowship they made me share,

Thus sixth among such genius I was placed.
So we advanced unto the lighted air,
Talking of things, of which here reticence
Is best, as talk was of them where we were.
We reached a castle stately and immense,
With lofty walls seven times encircled round,
Girt with a fair small river for defence.
This we crossed over, as it were dry ground,
110 And with the sagès passed seven gates to go
Into a meadow with fresh verdure crowned,
Wherein were folk whose earnest eyes moved slow,
And great authority was in their mien,
They spoke seldom and in tones sweet and low.
We drew towards one margin of the green,
Upon an open and well-lighted height,
So that whoe'er was there could thence be seen.
Thence on the enamelled green right opposite,
The mighty spirits were all shown to me;
120 I pride myself on having had that sight.
I saw Electra with much company,
'Mongst whom were Hector and Æneas here,
And Cæsar falcon-eyed armed cap-a-pie.
Penthesilea with Camilla near
Was opposite, Latinus King was shown,
Who with Lavinia sat, his daughter dear.
That Brutus who chased Tarquin from his throne,
Lucretia, Julia, and Cornelia too,
Marcia, and Saladin apart alone.

130 All these I saw, and on a wider view
The Master of the wise in every land;
Amidst his philosophic retinue,
Honoured and looked up to by all that band,
Then Socrates and Plato, who by right
Nearer to him before the others stand.
Who founds the world on chance, that Abderite,
Thales, Anaxagoras, Diogenes,
Zeno, Empedocles, and Heraclite,
140 The Naturalist Dioscorides,
And moral Seneca were seen by me,
And Orpheus, Linus, Tullius, and with these,
Ptolemy, the Euclid of Geometry,
Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna,
Averroes of the Great Commentary.
I cannot fully all I saw portray,
I am so hurried by a theme so great,
That oft the truth is more than all I say.
And now we six in two bands separate,
And I am led by that wise Guide of mine
150 Forth from the calm to the air in trembling state.
And I come where there is no light to shine.

CANTO V.

FROM the first circle I descended so,
  Down to the next, which as it holds less space,
  So holds more pain, that goads to shrieks of woe.
Minos stands snarling there with dreadful face,
  And tries and judges at the entrance in,
  And as he girds himself, appoints the place.
I mean each soul of evil origin
  Before him needs must every action tell,
  He sees then, that distinguisher of sin,
10 What place for such a soul is suitable,
  And winds his tail around him fold on fold,
  Once for each grade that soul should sink down hell.
Many aye stand before him, young and old,
  And each in turn they to the Judgment come,
  They speak and hear, and then are downward rolled.
"O thou who comest to this mournful home,"
  Minos exclaimed to me, when first espied,
  Leaving awhile his office of high doom,
"Look, ere entering, in whom thou dost confide,

20 Be thou not cheated by the open door."
My Leader said then, "Why dost thou too chide?
Stay not his journeying, ordained before,
And so in that place willed, where willing so
Is power to do the will—ask thou no more."
And now the moaning sounds begin to flow
Into my ears, and many weepings smite
Upon me in that place where now I go.
It was a region silent of all light,
That bellows like the sea when stormiest,
30 If counter-blasts rush down and with it fight.
The infernal whirlwinds, ne'er to end in rest,
Drag on the spirits with them furiously,
And whirling and now smiting them, molest.
When they arrive at the declivity,
There are complaints and moans with grief combined,
They speak there 'gainst God's justice blasphemy.
I learnt that unto torments of this kind
The carnal sinners are condemnèd there,
Who unto passion subjugate the mind.
40 And as the starlings' wings in wintry air
Bear them collected in great flocks packed dense,
So do the blasts now up now downward tear
Those evil souls, now thither and now thence;
No hope can comfort them for evermore,
Say not of rest, but torture less intense.
And as the cranes go screaming sad notes o'er,

Making a lengthened file across the skies,
So other spirits which that tempest bore,
I saw come on towards me uttering cries.
50 "Who are the folk that yonder sail along,
(I cried,) and whom black storm-blasts so chastise?"
"The one who comes the foremost of that throng,
Thou wishest to hear news of," he then said,
"Was Empress reigning over many a tongue,
Unto lasciviousness she was so wed,
She made things wished for lawful by decree,
To take away the blame her deeds had bred.
She is Semiramis, in history
Writ Ninus' wife and heiress of that land,
60 Which now the Soldan has in sovereignty.
The next one died for love by her own hand,
Who 'gainst Sichæus' ashes treason wrought:
See wanton Cleopatra in that band,
Helen, for whom long years with evil fraught
Rolled out, and see the great Achilles too,
With whom till death the life-long passion fought."
Paris and Tristan he then made me view,
And named with them a thousand shades beside,
Or more, whom Love from life on earth withdrew,
70 And after I had sadly heard my Guide
The ladies and the knights of old recite,
My pity made me almost stupefied.

"Poet," I said, "I fain would, if I might,
Talk with two spirits yonder who appear
Floating together on the wind so light."
Then he—"Thou wilt perceive when they are near
To us, do thou entreat them to stay,
By love, their leader, and they will come here."
When as the wind directed them our way,
80 I moved my voice—"Ye souls tired out by ill
Approach to speak to us if none gainsay."
As doves, with pinions opened out and still,
Recalled by love, to their dear nestlings fly,
Sliding through air borne on by longing will;
So from the band wherewith in company
Goes Dido, through the baneful air they sped
To us, so strongly worked that loving cry.
"Kindly and gracious being, who art led,
Journeying through the swarthy air below,
90 To us, who stained the world erewhile with red,
If but the King of all were not our foe,
We would implore Him to give peace to thee,
Since thou hast pity of our ill-starred woe.
Our talk and hearing now of that shall be,
Thou will'st to hear and speak of, while this blast
Is silent, as it now sleeps silently.
The town wherein I had my birth is placed
Upon the coast, where Po descends to gain
Peace for himself and his liege streams at last.

100 Love seized this man, by gentle hearts soon ta'en,
For the fair body I was made to quit
By force, e'en yet the manner gives me pain.
Love, that to none beloved will love remit,
Gave me, since I pleased him, a love so great,
Thou see'st I do not yet abandon it.
Love guided us to one united fate,
Who quenched our life, Caïna waits him now."
Such words came from the pair unfortunate.
When as I knew the stricken twain, my brow
110 Bent forward, and I held it sunk down long,
Until the Poet said, "What thinkest thou?"
Answering I said, "Alas, the love, how strong,
How many the sweet thoughts, the hopes, and fears,
That led them to this home of grief and wrong!"
Then, turning to the pair, I said, "My ears,
Francesca, and seeing thine agonies,
Have made me sad and tender, even to tears.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
At what and how Love granted to you twain,
120 To see your dubious longings with clear eyes."
Then she to me—"There is no greater pain,
Than to remember, in the midst of woe,
The happy time, and this thy Guide sees plain;
But if thou hast so great desire to know
The primal root, from which our love was bred,
I will as one who talks 'midst weeping show.

One day for our delight, we sat and read
Of Lancelot, how he Love's prisoner grew;
We were alone and knew no cause of dread.
That reading several times together drew
Our eyes, and changed our colour suddenly,
Only one thing it was that overthrew.
When we read how a lover, such as he,
Had kissed the smile on lips desired before,
This one, who shall be parted ne'er from me,
Kissed me too on the mouth, all trembling o'er.
Galeotto was the book, and he who writ
The tale; that day, we read therein no more."
At this, the while one soul was telling it,
The other wept so that from pity bred
Thereby, o'ertaken by a swooning-fit
Like death, I fell as falls a body dead.

CANTO VI.

At the return of consciousness which fled
From sight of those relations' misery,
That stupefied with sadness in me bred,
New torments, new tormented souls I see,
Turn as I may, around me everywhere,
Where'er I move, where'er look searchingly.
The circle of the rain, the third, is there,
Accursed, eternal, cold and grievous rain,
Whose quality and measure vary ne'er.
10 Great hailstones, snow and water of black stain
Come tumbling downward through the shadowed sky,
The ground receiving these things stinks amain.
Cerberus, strange savage monster to the eye,
Barks doglike from three throats demoniac,
Over the people that there sunken lie.
He has vermilion eyes, beards greased and black,
Huge paunch and hands with claws that scratch and flay
Those spirits and their forms to quarters hack.
And as dogs howl so for the rain do they,

20 Making one flank a shield for the other thus
The wretched sinners turn themselves alway.
When Cerberus, that great Worm, discovered us,
Opening his mouth, he showed his teeth inside;
He had no limb that was not tremulous.
Then having opened out both hands, my Guide
Took handfuls of the earth from near his feet,
And tossed them down the greedy gullets wide.
Just like a hound that barking longs for meat,
And when he gnaws some food is quieted,
30 Because he only thinks and strains to eat;
With Cerberus' foul faces so it sped,
The fiend whose barks so stun the spirits all
That hear him, and would fain be deaf instead.
We went along o'er shades, which that downfall
Of grievous rain subdues, and stepped upon
Mere shadowed forms that look substantial.
They all were lying on the ground save one,
Who sat up there immediately that shade
Saw us in front of him, where we had gone.
40 "Thou who art guided through this hell," he said,
"Now recognize me, if thou knowest me,
For thou wast made before I was unmade."
I answered him, "Perhaps the agony
Thou bear'st has banished from my mind thy face,
Meseems I never saw thee previously.
But tell thy name, who in so sad a place

Art put, and whom such penalties oppress,
That none, if there be greater, is so base."
"Thy town, which is so full of enviousness,"
50 He answered me, "that now the sack runs o'er,
Me also did in yon bright life possess.
Among you townsmen the nickname I bore
Was Ciacco, for the glutton's wasteful sin
I suffer, as thou seest, in this downpour.
My guilty soul is not alone therein,
Since all round here are lying in like pain
For the same fault;" nought more did he begin.
"Ciacco, thy trouble," I then said again,
"Weighs on me bidding tears; but say what end,
60 If but thou canst foresee, shall they attain—
The burghers of that town which factions rend?
Is there a just man there? And tell me why
It is so struck with frenzy to contend?"
"After long quarrels," said he, "they will fly
To blood, the country party then will chase
The other with great loss from office high,
But must within three years fall from its place,
And let the other party mount the height,
He aiding who now wears a double face.
70 It long shall rear its brows in pride and might,
And keep the first 'neath heavy loads pressed low,
Howe'er it weep, howe'er it feel despite.
Two just men are there, but not listened to;
Envy and pride and avarice—these three

Are the three sparks that there set hearts aglow."
And here he ended his sad prophecy.
Then I—"Yet further would I have you teach,
And grant the boon of further talk to me.
Tegghiaio, Farinata, worthies each,
80 Jacopo Rusticucci, Mosca too,
Arrigo—all who strove good aims to reach—
Where are they now? Let me find them through you.
Because a great wish wrings my heart to know,
If heaven's sweets joy them or hell-banes subdue."
"They are among the blacker souls below,"
He said; "a different sin weighs them down there,
Thou may'st see them, shouldst thou far downward go.
But when thou shalt be in yon world so fair,
Recall me prithee to the people's mind,
90 No more I speak or answer at thy prayer."
His forward look was then askance inclined,
He eyed me some short time, then bent his head,
And fell flat down, just like the other blind.
My Leader said, "He'll not be wakenèd
This side of the Angelic trumpet's roar;
When shall come down their foe the Sovereign dread,
Each will re-find his ill-starred grave of yore,
Will don the flesh and form he wore of old,
Will hear the doom that echoes evermore."

100 Through filthy puddles we splashed on that hold
Mixed ghosts and water, stepping carefully,
Our talk upon the life hereafter rolled.
"Master," I said, "these torments that we see,
Will they when once the Doom is given, remain
The same, or rise or sink in their degree?"
"Turn," said he, "to Philosophy again;
The more a thing is perfect, it is clear,
The more it feels a pleasure or a pain;
Though, it is true, the accursèd people here
110 To true perfection ne'er can reach, they will,
Rather on that side Doom than this, come near."
We went along the pathway, rounding still,
And talking of much more than I say now,
And came to where the road goes down a hill.
We found the great foe Plutus on the brow.

CANTO VII.

"PAPÈ SATÀN," croaked Plutus with hoarse call,
"Papè Satàn Aleppe." But then said
My Sage, so gentle, understanding all,
That he might comfort me, "Let not thy dread
Disturb thee, for nought he can claim of might
Can bar thy going down this rocky head."
He turned to that swol'n visage opposite,
And, "Hold thy peace, thou cursed Wolf," he cried,
"Consume thyself within with thy own spite.
10 Our going lower is not unjustified,
But willed on high, where Michael venged of old
The rape of heaven, so arrogantly tried."
But as the bellying sails drop, fold on fold,
All tangled, if the mast snap off and fall,
So to the ground that cruel being rolled.
Thus we descended by the fourth rock-wall,
Deeper in those sad circles which embrace
All that throughout the world is criminal.
Justice of God, who crowdest in one place
20 New toils and pains, so many as I found!

And why does sin so waste the human race?
As in Charybdis broken waves rebound,
Shocking against opposing surges there,
So spirits here are forced to dance the round.
Here saw I folk more numerous than elsewhere
On either hand, that rolled with struggling chest,
Each a great weight, and filled with howls the air,
Who, having struck each other, without rest
Wheeled and rolled back those weights, and mutually
30 Called out, "Why hoardest?" and "Why squanderest?"
Then traversed that hell-ring's obscurity,
Rightward and leftward to the side which lay
In face, still chanting so their mockery.
And each on having fully made his way
Through his half-round shocked each with each again.
Heart-sore as 'twere with pity, I 'gan say,
"O loving Guide and Master, tell me then
What folk is this? Those on our left, declare
If all those tonsured ones were clergymen."
40 Then he to me—"Asquint each one they were
So much in mind on earth ere they first died,
They did not spend with proper measure there.
That in those howlings is most clearly cried,
When the shades reach the two points on the plain,

Where mutually opposing faults divide.
Those with heads shorn of hair, who leftward strain,
Were popes and cardinals or clerical,
In whom excess of greed is wont to reign."
"Master," I said, "it surely will befall
That I shall 'mongst such spirits recognize
More than one miser or one prodigal."
Then he—"Thou cherishest a vain emprise,
Their senseless life, which such a foulness lent,
Now makes them dark to all inquiring eyes.
They shall go ever on the two shocks bent,
These from the sepulchre shall rise again
With closed fists, those without a hair unspent.
Their giving ill, their holding ill, have ta'en
From them fair heaven, and make them shocking meet,
But that I need not in fine words explain.
Thou canst see now, my Son, the short deceit
Of good subjected unto Fortune's sway,
Which mankind battle for and deem so sweet.
Since all the gold which is or ever lay
Beneath the moon, out of this weary brood
Could not make e'en a single spirit stay."
"Master, now tell me further," I pursued,
"This Fortune, whom thou speak'st of, what is she
Who has so 'twixt her claws all this world's good?"

70 "O foolish creatures!" then he answered me,
"What ignorance is this that harms you so?
Be now my thought of her drunk in by thee.
He, whose omniscience soars past all we know,
Set powers o'er new-made heavens to preside,
That part might shine on part with answering glow,
And equally the light 'mongst all divide.
O'er this world's splendours, with like providence,
He set a general ministress and guide,
To pass the show of weal, with diligence,
80 From people on to people, race to race,
Despite all human wisdom's best defence;
Because this nation rules, and that grows base,
Just as this Being secretly decrees,
Hid as a snake hides in some grassy place.
Your minds can hinder not what she may please,
She judges and provides, and keeps her state,
As in their realms the other deities.
No peace, no truce her changes tolerate,
Necessity has speedy action bred,
90 They come so oft whom turns of change await.
This is the one who is so gibbeted
By those e'en who should praise, but do amiss
By slandering and reproaching her instead.
But she is blessed, and hears nought of this,
And with the other primal creatures glad
She turns her sphere, rejoicing in her bliss.

And now let us descend to scenes more sad;
We may not loiter, and stars sink that rose
When I was starting as that lady bade."
100 We crossed that circle by a path that goes
To the other bank, where o'er a spring we stood,
That boils and down a torrent-bed o'erflows.
Darker than thunder-clouds the water showed,
And by its murky-coloured runnels led
We reached a lower ring by that wild road.
Into a lake of mud, called Styx, is spread
That brook, when it has finished its descent
Unto the bottom of the cliffs of dread.
As I stood gazing with my eyes intent
110 On that lagoon, mired people met my sight,
All naked and all looking violent.
Not with hands only do those beings fight,
But with the head, the breast, the feet, and cleave,
Each from the other, pieces bite by bite.
Then the good Master—"Son, you now perceive
The souls of those whom Anger made his prize.
Further, I would that you for sure believe
There is a people 'neath the mud, that sighs,
And makes the water bubble everywhere,
120 As you may see, where'er you turn your eyes.
Fixed in the mud they say, 'In the sweet air,
Which the sun makes so glad, our hearts were slow
And cold through the lethargic vapours there,

And now we sadden in black mire below.'
This chant they gurgle from the wind-pipe out,
In half-choked words, for they speak only so."
We journeyed, coasting that foul pool about,
Round a great arc; 'twixt pool and cliffs we passed,
Turning our eyes on the mud-gulping rout
130 Until we came to a tower's foot at last.

CANTO VIII.

CONTINUING my tale, I say that we,
  Long ere arriving at the turret's base,
  Were looking at its summit fixedly,
Seeing two small flames lit there, and in face
  Another answering them so far away,
  My sight could scarcely reach o'er such a space.
I turned toward the Sea of Mind to say,
  "Those flames mean—what? The other answering fire—
  What says it? They who do this—who are they?"
10 He answered, "Yonder o'er the liquid mire,
  You may, unless the mist hides that from you,
  Learn what is waited for, as you desire."
No bowstring shot an arrow e'er that flew
  Away with such velocity through air,
  As through that water then a small canoe
Came to us, as I soon became aware,
  One boatman only managing the boat,
  Who cried out—"Rebel spirit, are you there?"

"Phlegyas, Phlegyas, in vain you stretch your throat
20 For this one bout indeed," my Master said,
"You'll have us only while we pass the moat."
As one who hears some great trick told just played
On him, resenting it indignantly,
Such Phlegyas with his pent-in rage was made.
My Leader went aboard the bark, and he,
When he was in, made me too step inside;
The boat dipped only on receiving me.
As soon as I had followed in my Guide,
The ancient bows rush through the water on,
30 More than of wont with others they divide.
While we were coursing over the lagoon,
One fronted me, all over mud and stain,
And said, "Who art thou coming here too soon?"
And I—"I come, but yet shall not remain;
But thou, who art thou so disgusting grown?"
He said, "Thou seest I'm one of those in pain."
"Do thou remain, accursed soul, to moan,
And dwell at home with sorrow," I replied,
"Because, though filth all over, thou art known."
40 He stretched both hands to clutch at the boat-side,
Wherefore my Guide repulsed him warily,
Saying, "Off with those other hounds to bide,"
And then embraced my neck, and holding me,
He kissed my face, and said, "Indignant soul,
How blessed was the mother who bore thee!

This was a person proud and masterful,
No grace of goodness to his memory clings,
So now his shade is furious in the pool.
How many hold themselves up there great kings,
Who here shall wallow like the hogs in mire,
50 Leaving behind reproachful mutterings!"
"Master," I said, "I have a great desire
To see him whelmed beneath this broth of hell,
Before we shall from this lagoon retire."
"Ere yet the further shore grows visible
You will be satisfied, and joy," he said,
"In what must come, the wished-for spectacle."
Soon after this, I saw such havoc made
By that mud-folk of him, that evermore
60 My praise and thanks to God are for it paid.
"Philip Argenti! at him," they all roar.
That soul from Florence, so excitable,
Turned on himself, and bit his flesh and tore.
We left him there; I deign no more to tell
Of him; but then a wail struck on my ear,
Whence I unbarred my eyes to scan all well.
Then the good Master said, "O Son, we near
The town at present that has Dis for name,
The mournful burghers and great throngs are here."
70 "Master," said I, "its minarets just came
To view, there yonder in the valley, sure,

Vermilion as though issuing from flame."
He answered me, "The fires that aye endure,
Blazing within, produce that look of red
Which you see through the lower hell's obscure."
We reached at last deep fosses, that are led
Around, and guard that fortress of despair,
The walls seemed all of iron fashionèd.
We made a great turn round about them, ere
80 We came to where the boatman drew to shore,
And bawled, "Get out, the city gate is there."
A thousand fiends rained down from heaven, and more
I saw about the gates, who angrily
Kept saying, "Who is this that journeys o'er
The kingdom of the dead men, being free
From death himself?" My Sage by gestures told,
He wished to speak to them in secrecy.
Their great despite a little they withhold,
Saying, "Come thou alone, let him begone
90 Who entered in this realm so very bold.
Let him return by his mad way alone,
And try if he knows how; but thou remain
By whom the road through this dark land was shown."
Think, Reader, what discouragement and pain
I felt at hearing those cursed phrases sound,
Since I hoped not to e'er get back again.
"My own dear Leader, who hast seven times found,

Nay oftener, safety for me, and hast won
A way through perils deep that closed around,
100 Ah, leave me not so utterly undone;
And if my further progress they deny,
Let both retrace our steps, and upward run."
That lord who brought me thither, in reply
Said, "Fear thou not, for none can take away
From us a journey given by one so high.
Wait here for me, and let good hope be stay
And nourishment unto thy soul depressed;
I will not leave thee in these depths astray."
So he goes off, and I, at his behest,
110 My father's, stop abandoned in suspense,
For yes and no within my head contest.
I could not hear his proffered arguments,
He had scarce stayed at all before the place,
When racing with each other they ran thence,
Those foes of ours, and in my Master's face
They closed the gates, and he remained outside,
And came back slowly towards me, pace by pace,
With eyes to ground, and brows all shorn of pride,
And to himself, the while he sighed somewhat,
120 Said, "Who then has this home of grief denied?
To me—"If I am angry, fear thou not,
This trial ends but in my conquering,
Whatever as defence within they plot.
This arrogance of theirs is no new thing,

But one less secretly exhibited.
At that gate now without a fastening,
O'er which thou saw'st the motto of the Dead;
And yonder from it one descends hell's brow,
Crossing the circles guardless and not led,
130 Whose power will ope this city for us now."

CANTO IX.

My paleness, which from coward terror grew,
When I beheld my Guide turn baffled back,
Chased all the more from him his novel hue.
He stopped, intently listening, on his track,
Because his eyes could carry no long way
Through air with densest fog and darkness black.
"Still we are sure to conquer in this fray,"
'Gan he—"else—no, such one has offered aid—
Yet oh, meseems, how long does he make stay!"
10 I clearly marked how he had overlaid
The thought begun, with musing subsequent,
His last words differing so from those first said.
But still his sayings caused discouragement,
Because his broken phrases bore to me
A meaning worse perhaps than his intent.
"Unto the bottom of this cavity,
Do spirits e'er descend from that first ring,
Where is no pain but living hopelessly?"
So questioned I. "It is a seldom thing,"
20 He answered me, "for one of us to go

Down by the way that I am travelling.
One other time I have gone down, I know,
Conjured by that fierce witch Erictho's spell,
Who called back souls to bodies from below.
Just emptied of my spirit was its shell,
When she compelled my entry through that wall,
To draw a soul from Judas' place in hell,
Which is the deepest and most dark of all,
And farthest from the first all-moving sphere.
30 I know the way, let not thy courage fall.
This marsh exhaling stenches in our rear
Girdles around the city of all woe;
We cannot enter without contest here."
And he said more, but what I do not know,
Because my eyes had dragged the whole of me
Towards a high tower's top, which was aglow,
When all together rose up suddenly
Three hellish Furies, stained with gore blood-red,
Like women's limbs and mien theirs seemed to be;
40 And each had bright green serpents, water-bred,
For girdle, small and hornèd snakes for hair,
Twining about the temples and fierce head.
And he who saw them, and was well aware,
They served the Queen of tears which ever run,
Said to me, "Mark the fierce Erinnyes there,
Megæra is the name of that left one,
Alecto that one weeping on the right,

Midmost Tisiphone." He stopped thereon.
Each tore with nails her bosom for despite,
And beat it with her palms, and cried so high
I closed up to my Leader's side for fright.
"Let now Medusa come and petrify
This wretch,"—so each one looking downward cries—
"We wrongly passed the crime of Theseus by."
"Turn round about, and stand so, with closed eyes;
For if thou see'st, when shown, the Gorgon head,
Hope not to see again the upper skies."
My Master turned me round, when this was said,
Himself, nor would he to my hands confide,
But o'er my eyes and hands his hands were spread.
Ye who possess sound intellects, and guide
Yourselves thereby, do ye observe the lore
Which 'neath the veil of this strange verse I hide.
And now a rushing, rattling sound came o'er
The muddy waves, which was with terror fraught,
And caused the ground to tremble on each shore.
Not otherwise resounds the wind, that wrought
To hurricane, by meeting hotter sky,
Strikes on the wood, and then, restrained by nought,
Shatters, rends off, and whirls the branches high,
And blows on, wreathed with dust and arrogance,
And makes the savage beasts and shepherds fly.
He freed my eyes, and said, "Direct thy glance

Along the scum upon this ancient lake,
On that side where the densest clouds advance."
Just as the frogs before the water-snake,
Their foe, all scuttle through the water fast,
Then huddle on the ground for terror's sake,
I saw a thousand souls in torment placed,
Nay more, fly so in front of one who, where
80 The ferry was, o'er Styx with dry soles paced.
From off his face he fanned the clammy air,
Waving in front his left hand constantly,
And only for that trouble seemed to care.
He was Heaven's messenger, I well could see,
And turned towards my Master, who then signed
To bend in silence with humility.
How full of indignation seemed his mind!
He came, and with a rod borne in his hand,
Opened the gate—no balking did he find:
90 "Ye who were chased from heaven, despisèd band,"
Commenced he on the horrible door-sill,
"Why does presumption keep in you its stand,
And why recalcitrate against that will,
Which ne'er falls short of its accomplishment,
And which has several times increased your ill?
What boots it to run counter to the intent
Of Fate; your Cerberus if you look back
For that has jaws and throat still bare and rent?"
Then he turned round to go by that foul track,

100 And spoke no word to us, his face seemed set,
Like to that man's whom pressing cares attack,
Other than thoughts of him whom he has met.
We stepped towards that city then, elate
And sure of safety through that holy threat.
No more opposed we entered through the gate,
And I, who had a great desire to know
What such a fortress held and in what state,
When once within, my looks about me throw,
110 And all around a spacious field I see,
Filled up with evil torments and all woe.
As where, at Arles, the Rhone moves lazily,
And as, at Pola, on Quarnaro's shore,
Which guards and bathes the Italian boundary,
Graves make the ground uneven and ridged all o'er,
So here the sepulchres made every spot,
Only the fashion here more horror bore;
For scattered 'twixt the tombs were flames that shot
'Gainst them, so thoroughly aglow thereby,
120 There is no trade needs iron to be more hot.
The lids of these were all propped up on high,
Hard lamentations issued from inside,
Sounding as when men hurt and wretched cry.
Whence I—"O Master, say what folk abide
Entombed within those sepulchres of grief,
As by their doleful groans is testified."
Then he—"There are the heretics, the chief

And followers of each sect, incarcerate,
And loaded are those tombs past your belief.
130 And like with like has one same grave and fate,
In monuments, some heated more, some less."
We passed on, turning rightward from the gate,
'Twixt torments and the lofty cornices.

CANTO X.

And now we pace along a secret track,
  Between the city-ramparts and the woe,
  My Master first, and I behind his back.
"O Force of excellence, who mak'st me go,
  Winding through the impious rings, as thou dost bid,
  Speak now, and satisfy my wish to know.
The folk, that in those sepulchres lie hid,
  Can they be seen? At present none has care
  Of them, and raised is every coverlid."
10 Then he—"They shut upon the doomed souls there,
  When from the vale Jehoshaphat they come,
  In bodies left on earth, which erst they bare.
In yon graves Epicurus has his home,
  With all his followers, they who maintained
  The soul dies with the body by one doom.
But on that question, thou wouldst have explained,
  Within this place thou shalt be satisfied,
  And also in the wish thou hast retained."
Then I—"Kind Leader, I by no means hide
20 My heart, but only shorten what I say;

Thyself ere now hast bent me to that side."
"O Tuscan who, still living, tak'st thy way
Through the fire-city, speaking modestly,
Be pleased awhile in the same place to stay.
Thy way of talking makes it clear to me,
That from my noble fatherland thou'rt sprung;
I did it, maybe, too much injury."
On a sudden issuing, this sound was flung
From out one sepulchre, whereon I closed
30 More near unto my Leader, fearing wrong.
But he cried unto me, "Turn round, what dost?
See Farinata, there he stands upright,
From girdle upwards he is all exposed."
I had already fixed on him my sight;
His chest and forehead high he seemed to rear,
As though he had that hell in great despite.
My Leader's ready hands, that drove out fear,
Thrust me thereon unto him, passing by
The graves, with warning—"Let thy words be clear."
40 He looked, when at his tomb's foot I stood nigh,
Awhile at me, and with some scorn I thought,
Demanded then, "What was thy ancestry?"
I told my lineage, concealing nought,
Because I was desirous to obey;
Thereon he raised his eyebrows up somewhat;
Then said to me, "Fierce enemies were they
Unto my house, the cause I had at heart,

And me, wherefore I drove them twice away."
"Though banished, they came back from every part,"
50 I answered, "once, and the other time likewise,
Your party has not learnt so well that art."
Then by his side rose up before my eyes
A Shade, whom still the tomb concealed chin-high,
Only upon his knees he seemed to rise,
Who looked round me, as though he wished to spy,
If some one else were in my company,
And when that doubting hope was quite gone by,
Said weeping, "If through high nobility
Of soul, thou shouldst have this blind prison sought,
60 My son is—where? Why comes he not with thee?"
Then I—"Not of myself I came, but brought
By him who yonder waits, and guidance lent,
Of whom, with scorn perhaps, your Guido thought."
For as his words and mode of punishment
Had earlier read to me his name aright,
My answer was thus full to his intent.
"Thought," cried he, sudden starting to full height,
"Didst thou say thought? Is life with him then o'er?
Beats not upon his eyes the blessed light?"
70 As soon as he perceived that I forbore
Some little time to give him a reply,
He backward fell; I saw him there no more.
That other one, whose courage was so high,

At whose command I stayed, with unmoved head,
And look unchanged, and form unbent, stood by.
"And if," continuing his talk, he said,
"That art—if they indeed have learnt it ill,
The thing torments me sorer than this bed.
But yon pale lady, here our Queen, shall fill
80 Scarce fifty times her face with light again,
Ere you will learn how much that art needs skill.
But (so may you in your sweet home remain!)
Tell me what thing our fellow-townsmen draws,
To sharpen each new statute 'gainst my strain."
Then I—"The rout and bloodshed are the cause,
When Arbia was stained of ruddy hue,
That makes our Senate still enact such laws."
Shaking his head the while, some sighs he drew.
"I was not there alone, nor surely went,
90 With others there, without occasion due.
I was alone, when all gave their assent,
That Fiorenza should be made a waste,
To stand out openly 'gainst their intent."
"So may your house in quiet be replaced,"
(I begged him thus,) "unloose that knot for me,
Wherein my thoughts lie tangled and embraced.
It seems, if I but rightly hear, you see
Before, what Time is still about to bring,
But in the present you see differently."
100 "We see, as one who has half light, each thing,"

He said, " to happen at some distant date,
So far enlightened by the Heavenly King;
Of things that are, or even approximate,
Our sense is nothing, and we know no more
Of present life, than new-come souls relate.
You may conclude from what is said before,
That such intelligence will be all spent,
When once Futurity shall shut its door."
I said, as one for failing penitent,
110 "Tell therefore him who lately fell, I pray,
His son is still 'midst live men resident;
If I was dumb just now to answer, say
It was because my mind was occupied
In thinking of the doubt you cleared away."
Then, the more eagerly, as I descried
My Master beckoning that I should come nigh,
I asked that Shade, who else might there abide.
"More than a thousand souls," he said, "here lie
With me; these tombs the second Frederic hold,
120 The Cardinal too, the others I pass by."
He sank. I stepped towards the Bard of old,
And on that utterance began to brood,
That seemed some peril for me to enfold.
He then moved on, and while we forward strode,
He said to me, " What thought confuses thee?"
Obeying his command, the cause I showed.
"Let that foreboding of calamity"
(Thus said the Sage) "at heart deep-sunken stay,

And mark!"—he raised his finger warningly—
130 "When thou shalt face the sweet and tender ray
Of her whose vision over all extends,
Thou shalt be taught, through her, thy whole life's way."
And now our journey to the leftward bends;
Quitting the wall, we went towards mid-hell,
Along a path, that in a valley ends,
Which, even up there, the stench made horrible.

CANTO XI.

Upon the brink of a high precipice
  Of huge and shattered stones, that form a ring,
  We came o'er fiercer people in the abyss.
And here for the o'erpowering smells, that spring
  From that deep sunken pit, and hither roll,
  We sheltered us behind the covering
Of a great tomb, where I saw graved this scroll:
  "I hold Pope Anastasius prisoner,
  Him whom Photinus from the right way stole."
10 "We must somewhile put off descending here,
  And some inuring of the sense await
  To this ill blast, and then we need not fear"—
The Master so. "Some good to compensate,"
  I answered him, "find thou, that no time flow
  To waste;" and he said, "That I contemplate.
My Son, encompassed by this cliff, below
  Are three small circles," he began to say,
  "In several shelves like those from which we go.
All full of the accursèd souls are they;
20 To make mere sight of them sufficient,
  Hear why those souls are bound and in what way.

All badness that draws down God's wrath is bent
On wrong, and having such an end to gain
Makes use of force or fraud for its intent.
But because fraud is man's peculiar bane,
That sin irks God the more, whence sink the more
The fraudulent, and suffer greater pain.
The first shelf holds the violent all o'er;
But since wrong may be done to persons three,
30 That circle has three rings, each with its store.
To God, to self, to neighbours there may be
Wrong done, on them and on their properties,
As thou wilt hear now reasoned openly;
For death by force and painful woundings—these
Fall on our neighbour, and on his goods fall
Destruction, wilful fires and robberies.
Whence murderers and evil smiters all,
Destroyers, robbers too, have punishment
In the first ring in groups especial.
40 Men on themselves may lay hands violent,
Or on their goods; whence in the second ring,
It needs that such must uselessly repent,
As may deprive themselves of life, or fling
Their means away or lose by negligence,
Thus drawing grief from such a joyful spring.
'Gainst God is done a forcible offence,
If we at heart blaspheme Him or deny,
Or Nature spurn, or His benevolence.

Hence in the third and smallest ring those lie
50 Whose hearts blaspheming or denying rose,
With men of Sodom and Cahors hard by.
Next fraud, which all men's minds feel odious,
May be 'gainst those who, by confiding, grace
A friend, or strangers who no trust repose.
Fraud seems to shatter, in that second case,
Only the bonds of love from Nature come;
Whence in the second circle, flatterers base,
Magicians, hypocrites, and thieves have home,
False-doers, those who practised simony,
60 Panders, bribed officers, and such-like scum.
Whereas that first case seems a treachery
'Gainst natural love, and 'gainst the added love,
From which that special faith has come to be.
In the last circle, therefore, where above
The universe's centre rises Dis,
Whoso betray, their endless tortures, prove."
"Master," said I, "most clearly reasoned is
Thy speech, and it does well indeed denote
The form and denizens of yon abyss.
70 But tell me, those of yonder sticky moat,
Those driven by wind, those beaten by the rain,
Those of the mutual shock and harsh-voiced throat—
Why 'mongst those whom the red town's walls contain,
Are these not punished, if within God's hate?

If not within, why are they in such pain?"
He answered then, "Why has, to lengths so great,
Thy mind from its accustomed courses shot,
Or dost on other subjects meditate?
Hast thou the nice distinctions quite forgot,
80 By which the book of Ethics has defined
The three propensities, that Heaven wills not?
Immoderateness, the heart to wrong inclined,
Brute-like passions, and how incontinence
Earns less reproach and less offends God's mind?
If thou appliest thy intelligence
To this, remembering whom the walls inclose,
And who outside, or higher, have punishments,
Thou wilt see why these latter are from those
Each kept divided, and the reason why
90 God's Justice has struck these less angry blows."
"O Sun, who clearest every clouded eye,
Such pleasures from thy explanations flow,
That doubts scarce less than knowledge gratify.
Again," I said, "a little backward go,
To where thou saidst that usury offends
God's goodness; loose the knot that makes this so."
"Philosophy to whosoe'er attends
Teaches, and that in not one place alone,"
Said he, "that Nature takes her course and ends
100 From God and processes that are His own;
And if thou mark'st thy book of Physics well,

Thou'lt find within not many pages shown,
That all your Art, as far as possible,
Follows, as pupils teachers, Nature's lead,
So is, as 'twere, God's grandchild, sooth to tell.
From Art and Nature, if thou takest heed
Of the first part of Genesis, men must
Gain livelihood and increase at their need.
The usurer's course is different and unjust,
110 For he spurns Nature and her follower Art,
Since upon something else he puts his trust.
But come now, for I wish to make a start,
The Fish are quivering the horizon near,
And all the Wain is o'er the north-west part,
And the way down the cliff is far from here."

CANTO XII.

THE place we came to, to descend thereby,
Was Alpine, and through what was there yet more
A terror to be shunned by every eye,
Most like that land-slip which, fallen on the shore
Of Adige, struck it on this side Trent,
Being through earthquakes or props failed thrown o'er,
Where from the summit, whence it was thus rent,
Down to the plain, the rugged blocks display
To one above some means of hard descent;
10 Into the next abyss such seemed the way,
And on the broken precipice's brow
The infamy of Crete extended lay,
That was conceived within the feignèd cow.
He bites himself, when once we are espied,
Seeming like one o'erpowered by anger now.
"Perhaps," so called to him my learned Guide,
"You think you here the Duke of Athens see,
Who gave you blows on earth from which you died.

Begone, you brute! because here comes not he,
20 Who was instructed by your sister's care;
This one is come to view hell's misery."
And as a bull, whose struggles chance to tear
His bonds, that instant struck the mortal blow,
Goes bounding to and fro, he knows not where;
I then perceived the Minotaur do so.
My wary Guide said, "Hasten to the road,
While he is frenzied it is best to go."
So down the over-fall we quickly strode,
Making our way o'er stones, which oft my weight
30 Set rolling through my body's novel load.
And I went musing when, "You meditate,
Perhaps," he said, "on this pass kept amiss
By that brute's rage, o'ercome by me of late.
I bid you know, that when to the abyss
Of nether hell, that other time, I went,
There was no downfall from yon precipice.
But just before the time of the descent,
Unless I err of Him who from hell bore
Great booty, from the highest circle rent,
40 This foul pit trembled its whole compass o'er,
Proving the universe, as I then thought,
Felt love, through which at several times before,
Some think the world was back to Chaos brought,
And that same instant was the downfall, thence
And elsewhere, of the ancient stone-cliffs wrought.

But look below, for 'neath this eminence
A stream of blood lies near, where thou wilt see
Those boiling who did others violence."
What maddening rage, what blind cupidity
50 Spur us in our short life to steep us so
In blood in life that lasts eternally!
I saw an ample pool bent like a bow,
As holding all the plain in its embrace,
According as my Guide had bidden me know,
And 'twixt it and the precipice's base,
In file the Centaurs armed with arrows run,
So armed they followed up on earth the chase.
But seeing us, all stopped in unison,
And from that squadron three of them withdrew,
60 With bows and having chosen shafts each one.
And one cried out from far, "What pains seek you?
You that descend the slope, from thence declare
At once. I shoot this bow unless you do."
My Master shouted, "When we get down there
And near, to Chiron it shall be replied;
Thus hasty to your ill you always were."
He touched me then and, "This is Nessus," cried,
"To death for wrongs to Dejanira sent,
Who for his death wreaked vengeance as he died.
70 The next, with eyes upon his breast intent,
Is Chiron, tutor of Achilles proud,
Pholus the third, who was so violent.

The Centaurs round the pool in thousands crowd,
And shoot all spirits rising from the blood
Higher than by their several dooms allowed."
We then approached that nimble brotherhood,
And Chiron took a shaft, and with the slit
Combed back his beard till o'er his jaws it stood;
And having freed his mighty mouth of it,
80 Said to his mates, "Has it been marked by you,
That he behind moves what his footsteps hit—
A thing that dead men's feet could never do?"
My kindly Guide, who reached his breast in height,
Where Centaur's nature is combined of two,
Said, "True, he lives, and through this vale of night
To guide him thus alone to me belongs,
Necessity leads us and not delight.
One who withdrew from Hallelujah songs
Imposed the novel charge of this on me.
90 He has not robbed, nor I done forceful wrongs.
But by that Power which grants me liberty
To travel by so wild a thoroughfare,
Send one of these to keep us company,
And show us where to ford the pool, and bear
This one upon his back through blood to land;
He is no spirit that can tread the air."
Chiron said, wheeling to the stronger hand,
"Nessus, return and guide them in that wise;
Warn off, if met with, any other band."

100 With trusty escort thus we went, where lies
Vermilion liquid bubbling, by the shore,
And heard the boiling spirits shriek loud cries.
I saw folk sunk their eyebrows high in gore:
"Tyrants," the mighty Centaur said, "are these,
Who laid strong hand on others' life and store;
Here they lament unpitying injuries.
See Alexander, Dionysius too,
Who caused in Sicily long agonies.
That brow, which has the hair so black in hue,
110 Is Azzolin's; that with the blond-haired head
Obizzo's brow of Este; it is true
His blood on earth was by his stepson shed."
Whereon I turned towards the Poet-guide:
"Deem this one first, and second me," he said.
A little further on the river-side
The Centaur stopped, by folk that were displayed
From the throat upwards o'er the boiling tide,
And showed, set lonely on one side, a Shade,
Saying, "Within God's temple he pierced through
120 A heart, which still on Thames has honour paid."
And further on a people came in view,
Whose head and bust above the surface show,
And 'mongst them there were many whom I knew.
The blood-stream grows thus lower and more low,
Until the feet were covered only, where

The ford was, over which we had to go.
"Just as in this direction, thou'rt aware,
The boiling pool is lessening constantly
In depth," the Centaur said, "so I declare
130 Its bed, in the direction contrary,
Sinks more and more, until it reunites,
Where they must groan who practised tyranny.
Justice Divine, there Attila requites,
Who was a scourge on earth, with pains that sting,
Pyrrhus and Sextus too, and aye incites
In Rinier Pazzo tears, that heat makes spring,
And in Rinier of Corneto, which twain
Upon the highways did such pillaging."
Fording the stream he then returned again.

CANTO XIII.

Nessus had not yet reached on his way back
  The further bank, when we already were
  Within a wood, unmarked by any track.
Not green, but dusky-coloured leaves were there,
  Not smooth the boughs, but twisted and gnarled o'er,
  Not fruits, but venomed thorns, did those trees bear;
Nor have wild beasts, that from Cecina's shore
  To far Corneto shun the well-tilled wold,
  Thickets so savage, or entangled more.
10 The Harpies nest therein, that chased of old
  The Trojan warriors from the Strophades,
  By injuries with future ills foretold.
They have wide wings, and feet with claws to seize,
  And paunches huge and plumed, the neck and head
  Like man's, and scream sad notes from those weird trees.
"Ere you go further in," the Master said,
  "Know that you are within the second ring

' At present, and shall there remain till led
Upon the sand-flat wide and threatening.
20 Look therefore well, and you will recognize
The evidence of what my verses sing."
Now I heard drawn all round about me sighs,
But none to make those noises could I find,
So I stopped short all in confused surprise.
I think he fancied I had in my mind,
That those sounds came from folk, who for our sake
Had fled among the trunks and hid behind.
Wherefore the Master said, "If you will break
A spray from any of the boughs you see,
30 Your fancy will prove clearly a mistake."
I stretched my hand towards a great thorn-tree,
And gathered there a twig that on it grew;
The Trunk cried out, "Why are you rending me?"
And after it had grown of blood-stained hue,
Began again and cried, "Why am I torn?
Have you no touch of pity then in you?
We once were men, but now are trunks of thorn;
Indeed you should have dealt more tenderly,
Had we been only souls of serpents born."
40 As a green log, at one extremity
On fire, at the other weeps from out the wood,
And hisses as the steam is rushing free,
So from that broken place there issued blood
And words conjoined, whence I let fall that spray

To ground, and like a frightened man I stood.
"Could he have been convinced some other way,"
My Sage then answered, "Spirit, hurt and rent,
Of what he has seen only in my lay,
His hand had not been 'gainst thy branches bent;
50 But faith came not without experience,
And hence I prompted what I now repent.
Tell who thou wast, that for some recompense,
He may in the upper world reanimate
Thy fame, for he returns by leave from hence."
"Thy speech," the Trunk said, "is so sweet a bait,
I must needs speak, and let it not displease,
If I am lured some little to dilate.
I am the one who held once both the keys
Of Frederic's heart, and I employed them so,
60 Locking and opening it with such smooth ease,
I let scarce one his secret counsel know.
I bore that glorious post so great a faith,
That I lack pulse and vein now here below.
The whore that Emperor's halls inhabiteth,
Leering with greedy eyes unblushingly,
The Vice of Courts and universal Death
Fired all minds there with animosity
'Gainst me, and they so fired the Emperor too,
That my glad honours turned to misery.
70 My heart, in which indignant passion grew,
Made me in hopes by dying to shun scorn,
'Gainst my own justice an injustice do.

I swear by the new roots of this my thorn
That I ne'er broke unto a Sovereign,
So worthy honour, my allegiance sworn.
If either one of you the world regain,
Let him raise up my fame, that overthrown
By the blow Envy gave it has long lain."
The Bard said, having paused, "Since he has grown
80 Silent, lose not the time, but if thou art
So minded, speak and ask to have more shown.
Wherefore I answered, "Ask thou on my part
What more thou think'st would make me satisfied;
I cannot ask, such sorrow wrings my heart."
"So may he freely do," began my Guide
Again; "What, O imprisoned soul, thou hast
By thy prayer begged, be pleased, upon thy side,
To tell us how a spirit is made fast
Within those knots; and say, if able, too,
90 If any from such limbs get free at last."
Hereon the Trunk for some time strongly blew,
And then a voice was fashioned of this kind:
"Shortly it shall be answered unto you.
When part the spirits violent and blind,
Leaving the bodies whence they are self-torn,
And Minos has the seventh ring assigned,
To no fixed region of the forest borne,
They fall wherever they are slung by chance,
And there they germinate like grains of corn,
100 Then rise to saplings and to woodland plants.

The Harpies feeding on their leaves cause pain
And wounds, through which their grief finds utterance.
Like all we shall fetch bodies that remain
Above, not donning them, since rightfully
None can claim what he has cast off again;
But dragged by us down hither they shall be,
About this dismal wood, suspended high,
Each on its hostile spirit's own thorn-tree."
Intent upon the Trunk we still stood by,
110 Imagining that it had more to say,
When we were startled by a loud outcry.
As when a man sees coming on his way
The boar and dogs and all the hunters' band,
And hears the branches crash and boar-hounds bay,
So here two forms, come from the weaker hand,
Naked and scratched, rush on so furiously,
They crush all branches that opposing stand.
The foremost called, "Help, Death, now help thou me."
The next, who lagged too much and seemed fore-done,
120 Cried "Lano, not with such activity
Did thy legs at the fight near Toppo run;"
And then, perhaps because his wind was spent,
He grouped his body and a bush as one.
Behind a pack of coal-black bitches went,
That filled the wood; as fast and keen were they

As greyhounds newly from slipped traces sent.
They plunged their fangs in him who crouching lay,
And straightway tore him piecemeal up for food,
And bore his limbs still quivering away.
130 Taking my hand, my Guide, from where we stood,
Led me to that thorn-bush, which vainly shed
Through the ensanguined fractures tears of blood.
"Jacopo of Sant' Andrea," it said,
"What good found'st thou in making me a balk?
Was it my fault thy life was foully led?"
When by that bush the Master stopped his walk,
"Tell who thou wast, that through so many holes,"
He said, "pour'st mixed with blood such mournful talk?"
And it to us—"O ye new-coming souls,
140 Who see this most unworthy violence,
That has stripped off from me my leaves in shoals,
Lay at my bush's foot the leaves torn thence.
I was in that town born, which for Saint John
Changed its first patron, and for that offence,
He by his craft will aye bring woe thereon;
And had his image, which she still retains
Upon the bridge o'er Arno, then been gone,
Those citizens, who over the remains
Which Attila had left, on smoking ground,
150 Refounded her, had idly spent their pains.
My home a gibbet for myself I found."

CANTO XIV.

Love for my birthplace wrung with such constraint,
As made me gather up the leaves and bring
Them to that one, who was already faint.
And thence we went to where the second ring
Has its division from the third, and here
Is seen a dreadful way of punishing.
That I may make this novel matter clear,
I say that we arrived near desert ground,
Refusing any growth of plants to rear.
10 The wood of pain engarlands it around,
Just as that forest has the moat for band.
We stopped upon the very edge and bound;
It was a thick and arid flat of sand,
Not different from that Libyan waste in guise,
Whereon the feet of Cato wont to stand.
Vengeance of God! how very much 'twere wise
That now Thou shouldst be feared by whosoe'er
Reads that which was shown clearly to my eyes.
For I saw many troops of spirits bare,
20 And very sadly all those spirits wept,
But under various laws they seemed placed there.

Lying supine on earth, some spirits kept,
Some sat, and crouching close was each of those,
While others without stopping onward swept.
Those who were moving were most numerous,
And fewer those who lay in torments low,
But their tongues were for cries of grief most loose.
The fire-flakes long and broadened falling slow,
O'er all the surface of that sand-flat rain,
30 Like snow falls 'mongst the Alps, when no winds blow.
And as in India, in some hotter plain,
Once Alexander saw from overhead
Flames fall to ground, and there entire remain,
Wherefore he ordered all the troops he led
To trample on the ground, because he knew
The fire was best extinguished ere it spread.
Those endless flakes of flame so downward flew,
From which the sand caught fire like tinder, say,
Beneath the steel, and double torture grew.
40 And never resting was the hasty play
Of wretched hands, that this and that way fling,
To brush new fire-flakes from their forms away.
"O Master, thou who conquerest everything,"
I said, "save those hard demons at the gate
Who came 'gainst us to bar our entering,
Who is that giant Shade who seems to rate
This fire as nothing, with a glare aside

Of scorn, which this downpour cannot abate?"
And then that one, discovering that my Guide
50 Was asked about him, answered the demand—
"Such as I lived I am when dead," he cried;
"Were Jove to tire the smith, from out whose hand
He snatched the pointed bolt so angrily,
And struck me, yon last day, with that fire-brand,
Or tire the other smiths successively
In the black smithy under Etna's height,
Exclaiming, 'Help! good Vulcan, help thou me,'
As once before he did at Phlegra's fight,
And launch his bolts with force unlimited,
60 Vengeance on one untamed would not delight."
My Leader with great energy then said—
I had not heard him e'er so vehement—
"O Capaneus, thou art most punishèd,
In that thy pride remains e'en yet unspent;
Without thy self-tormenting rage no pain
Would for thy frenzy be sufficient."
Then turned to me with kinder looks again,
Saying, "Of those seven monarchs he was one,
Who fought 'gainst Thebes. He felt for God disdain,
70 Still feels, it seems—no awe is yet begun;
But as I told him, that his scornful mind
Should ornament his bosom is well done.
Now come; take heed, while following behind,

Thy feet on this hot sand be never set,
But keep them always to the wood confined."
Silent we went to where a rivulet,
Gushing from out the wood's recesses, flows;
Its redness makes my hair oft bristle yet.
As from the Bulicame a brook grows,
80 Which lower down loose women 'mongst them share,
So through the sand that streamlet downward goes.
Its bottom, and containing slopes, both were
Of marble, and the banks on either side;
So I perceived our onward path was there.
"'Mongst all the things that I have notified
To thee, since first we entered through that door,
Whose threshold is to no one e'er denied,
Thou hast seen nothing to be noted more
Than this red streamlet, lying on our road,
90 Which quenches all the fire-flakes that come o'er."
Such were the words that from my Leader flowed;
Wherefore I prayed him to give that repast,
Desire for which he had himself bestowed.
"Amid the sea there lies a country waste,"
He answered then, "denominated Crete,
Under whose king the world of old was chaste.
There is a mountain, Ida named, replete
And glad with trees and fountains formerly,
Deserted now, as old and obsolete.

100 Rhea selected it of yore, to be
Her son's safe cradle; and to hide him quite,
Bade folk whene'er he wailed shout forcibly.
In that hill stands a grand old man upright,
With Damietta on his hinder side.
He bends on Rome, as looking-glass, his sight.
His head is formed of gold well purified,
And of fine silver are his arms and breast,
Next copper comes to where the legs divide;
Downward of choicest iron is the rest,
110 Save that the right foot is of fire-baked clay,
More than the left it is by his weight pressed.
And all parts, save the gold, are rent, I say,
With a deep fissure, from which tears distil;
These gathered bore all through yon stone their way,
And then from shelf to shelf keep falling, till
They form Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon,
And in this narrow channel go down hill
Until they reach where all descent is done,
And form Cocytus; there thou'lt see and know
120 What that pool is; that matter I may shun."
"But if this present brooklet tumbles so,
Down from our world," I answered, "tell me why
In this ring only we have marked its flow."
"Thou know'st," he said, "these shelves in circles lie,

And though thou hast now journeyed o'er much
ground,
Ever descending leftward from on high,
Thou hast not yet gone all the circuit round,
Hence it ought not to bring surprise again
Into thy face, if some new thing be found."
130 Then I—" Where are, O Master, now explain,
Lethe and Phlegethon? Of one of these
Thou'rt mute, and say'st the last comes of yon
rain."
He said, "In all thy questions thou dost please,
But this stream boiling, this red hue of it,
Should solve one thing thou askest me, with ease.
Thou shalt see Lethe, but outside this pit,
Where the souls go to wash in, when they earn
That boon, and their repented sins they quit."
And then he said, "It is now time to turn
140 From this wood-side; come thou behind my back,
The margins give a path, they do not burn,
And this fire-mist is quenched above their track."

CANTO XV.

One of the solid banks bears now our feet
  Onward, and vapour from the brook gives shade,
  Saving the stream and banks from that fire-sleet.
As fronting dashing waves the Flemings made,
  From Bruges to Cadsand, great sea-walls for shields
  Against the tides, of which they are afraid,
And as the Paduans, for their homes and fields,
  Make by the Brenta's side, defences, ere
  Chiarentana's snow to spring-heat yields;
10 In like appearance fashioned, those banks were,
  Though the designer, whosoe'er he be,
  Had made the mounds less broad and lofty there.
And now, so far from that thorn-wood were we,
  That where it was I could not have descried,
  E'en had I turned myself about to see,
When we met coming by the river-side
  A troop of souls, and each with peering view
  Examined us, as men at gloaming-tide
Regard each other, when the moon is new,
20 Contracting eyelids, and with sharpened eyes,

Just as old tailors threading needles do.
And when the troop had eyed me in this wise,
One knew and seized me, from amid that band,
By the skirt, saying, "What a great surprise!"
And I, while he reached out towards me his hand,
So fixed upon the fire-scarred face my sight,
That the disfigurement could not withstand
My mind, in recognizing him aright.
I said, with my face bent o'er his, so known,
30 "Are you then Ser Brunetto in this plight?"
And he—"Take thou no scorn, I beg, my son,
If Brunetto Latini turn some way
Backward with thee, and let the rest go on."
I said, "Do so, with all my might I pray,
Nay, I will sit with you, if you desire,
And this one whom I follow choose to stay."
"My son," he said, "should one of this flock tire,
And stop one whit, he lies a century
Unable to brush off the falling fire.
40 Go on then, I will follow, holding thee,
Some distance, and regain my troop from thence,
Who aye weep their eternal agony."
I dared not go from off the eminence,
To walk beside him, but with bended head,
I went like one who walks with reverence.
"What fortune or what destiny," he said,
"Brings hither ere thy dying day thy feet;
And who is this by whom thou'rt being led?"

"Up there above in life serene and sweet,
50 Into a valley I had gone astray,
Before my age had yet become complete;
I turned thence in the dawn of yesterday;
This one appeared to me, just as I drew
Backward, and brings me homeward by this way."
Then he—"If but thy birth-star thou pursue,
Thou canst not fail to reach a glorious name,
If my forecasts in yon fair life were true;
And but that my decease too early came,
Seeing the Heavens were towards thee kind,
60 I too had helped thee forward to thy aim.
That thankless race of churls of evil mind,
That down from Fæsulæ came anciently,
And keeps much yet of hill and rock combined,
Will for thy goodness grow thy enemy,
With cause, for 'midst the acrid service-trees
The sweet fig brings forth fruit unsuitably.
Blind-eyes an old and widespread fame calls these,
The people full of envy, pride, and greed,
Be clean thyself from their foul qualities.
70 Thy Fortune this great honour has decreed,
That both their factions will have hungerings
For thee; such snouts shall ne'er on herbage feed.
Let the Fiesolans, the brutal things,
Make fodder of each other, and not strive
At plants, if yet one midst their ordure springs,

That holy Roman seed-stock to revive,
Which when men built that town was left behind—
The nest wherein such evil natures thrive."
"You would not be yourself if that designed
80 By me," I answered him, "had been fulfilled,
E'en yet, an exile from all human-kind;
For in my mind is fixed, and now has thrilled
My heart, the dear good father's face you bore
In life, as you from hour to hour instilled
In me the knowledge how men evermore
Can live by worth. It needs my tongue should show
My gratitude, ere yet my life be o'er.
Your words about the course I have to go,
I keep with more, for glosses when I see
90 A lady, (if I reach her,) who will know.
But pray hold thou so much a certainty,
If but my conscience chide not, I can bear
Unmoved my Fortune's will, whate'er it be.
Not novel to my ears such bodings were,
Her rolling round her wheel brings no more dread,
Than would a hind who whirls his pick in air."
Thereon my Master turned about his head
Rightward, and fixed upon me eyes intent,
And then, "He listens well who marks," he said.
100 And none the less for that, I onward went

With Ser Brunetto, asking him to tell
Which of his mates were known and eminent.
He answered me—"To know of some is well,
Well to keep silence of the others all,
The short time makes long tales impossible.
But know in sum that all were clerical,
Or else great scholars and of mighty fame;
One sin made all while living criminal.
Priscian goes with that crowd for crimes the same,
110 Francis, Accurso's son, and there displayed
(Hadst thou desired to see such filth and shame),
He was, whom the Servant of servants bade
Change Arno for Bacchiglione's plain,
Wherein his body so misused was laid.
And now I would tell more, but must refrain,
Both speech and walk must end, because I see
Where yon cloud rises from the sand again,
Some folk advance, with whom I must not be.
Take care of my Tesoro I entreat.
120 I still live there. I ask no more of thee."
Then he turned round, and seemed to be as fleet
As those who at Verona's race-ground run
For the green cloak, and one of those who beat
The rest he seemed, and not a losing one.

CANTO XVI.

I HEARD resounding where we had now come,
  The booming noise of water in descent
  To the next circle, like the beehive's hum;
When three shades running, as with one intent,
  Departed from a troop then passing by
  Under the rain of that harsh punishment,
And came towards us, each one with the cry,
  'Stay thou, for by thy garb thou seem'st to be
  One of the same corrupted town as I."
10 Alas, what wounds I saw, some anciently
  Scorched in upon their limbs, some newly made,
  I sorrow yet e'en at the memory.
My Teacher at their cries attentive stayed.
  "Now wait," he said, and turned to me his face,
  "To these 'tis meet due courtesy be paid;
But for the fire the nature of this place
  Shoots downward hither, I should say I feel
  That rather you than they should quicken pace."
But they began anew the old appeal,
20 Soon as we halted; when they reached our side,
  They formed themselves all three into one wheel.

As athletes oiled and stripped awhile abide,
  Watching to seize and for some favouring chance,
  Before the mutual thrusts and blows be tried;
Thus did each wheeling round direct his glance
  To me, so that the neck revolved in-wise
  Contrary to the feet in their advance.
"Ah! e'en if this loose sand-flat's miseries,"
  Said one, "and our mien black and horrible
30 Make thee disdain to listen to our cries,
Let our renown persuade thy mind to tell
  Who thou may'st be whose living feet pass so
  In full security through paths of hell.
He, in whose footsteps, as thou seest, I go,
  Though naked now he be, with much skin gone,
  Was of far greater rank than thou dost know;
He was the son of good Gualdrada's son,
  And Guido Guerra named, and both with mind,
  And sword, has while he lived great actions done.
40 The one who treads the sand-flat next behind,
  Tegghiaio Aldobrandi is, who said
  Those words, which should have met acceptance kind.
And I, who with them on this cross am laid,
  Jacopo Rusticucci was, and nought
  So much as my coy wife, my evil made."
Could I have sheltered from the fire 'neath aught,
  I should have thrown myself 'mongst them below,
  My Teacher would have suffered it, I thought.

But as I should have been, by doing so,
50 Both baked and burnt, fear overcame the greed
To join them and embrace them in their woe.
Then I began, "It was not scorn indeed,
That your state fixed within me recently,
But grief from which my mind can scarce be freed,
As soon as this my lord had said to me
Some words, from which the thought within me grew,
That folk were coming hither such as ye.
I am your townsman; with affection due,
Your deeds and names, which still all honour keep,
60 Always I have retraced and listened to.
I leave the gall and go sweet fruits to reap,
Promised by this my Guide, who does not lie,
But to the centre first I must plunge deep."
"So may thy soul," thus did he make reply,
"Long guide those limbs of thine upon thy way,
So may thy fame shine after thou shalt die.
Are Courtesy and Valour still, oh say,
Within our city, as of old they were,
Or have they wholly passed from her away?
70 Guglielmo Borsier, who goes yonder there
With our companions, frets us to the core
With tales, since late he shares the pains we bear."
"The new inhabitants and quick-gained store

Have bred in thee extravagance and pride,
Florence! which thou already mournest o'er;"
Thus with uplifted countenance I cried,
And then those three, who took this for reply,
Like men surprised by truth, each other eyed.
"At other times if thou canst satisfy
80 Thy questioners at such small cost, thou'lt be,
Frank Speaker, very fortunate," they cry.
"So, if from this dark place thou shouldst go free
To where fair stars again shall meet thy sight,
Where to repeat, 'I was,' may pleasure thee,
Take care to tell of us to men aright."
This said, they broke the wheel, and running then,
Their nimble legs appeared like wings in flight.
There was not time enough to say "Amen,"
Ere those three shades already disappear;
The Master therefore chose to start again.
90 I followed him a little, when from near
The water falling sounded with such force,
That we could scarcely our own voices hear.
Just as that stream which keeping its own course
Runs east first from Monviso, out of those
That have on Apennine's left slopes their source,
And is named Acquacheta, as it flows
Before the waters to the low plains pour,
But drops that name, ere it to Forli goes,
100 There o'er San Benedetto booms with roar

Through falling from the hill in one descent
A height sufficient for a thousand more;
So heard we, as the crimson river went
Over a precipice, a noise resound,
That soon would work the ears a detriment.
I had a cord about my middle wound,
And meant by means of that, at one time past,
To have the panther of the striped hide bound.
When I had loosed it all from off my waist,
110 E'en as my Master had commanded me,
I gave it him coiled ready for a cast.
Then rightward turned, and placed so as to be
Some distance from the precipice, he threw
The cord into the deep gulf forcibly.
I said within myself, "A thing quite new
Must come in answer to the new sign here,
Which now the Master's glances so pursue."
Ah me! how cautious men should be, when near
Those who not only outward actions see,
120 But gaze at thoughts within, by insight clear.
"Soon will come upward," then he said to me,
"What I await, and soon thou must descry
What thy thoughts' dream made manifest to thee."
To truth that bears the semblance of a lie,
A man should close his lips where'er he may,
For without fault some shame may come thereby.
But Reader! here I cannot silent stay.

By the strains of this comedy, I swear,
(So never void of lasting fame be they,)
130 That looming through that dense and murky air,
A figure swimming upward I espied,
Wondrous to any heart how bold soe'er.
Just so returns from diving who has tried
To loose an anchor which had chanced to meet
And foul on rocks, or aught the waters hide,
Stretching his arms and drawing in his feet.

CANTO XVII.

"BEHOLD the beast, whose tail is sharpened well,
Who can break walls and arms, o'er mountains bound,
See him who fills the world with evil smell."
This said, the Guide, near where the marble mound,
By the stream-side, that we had travelled o'er,
Was ended, beckoned then the beast aground.
Then flew that type of fraud, and on the floor
Of our hell-circle stranded head and breast
And trunk, but did not draw his tail ashore.
10 A just man's countenance the beast possessed,
The outside semblance was so kind and fair,
But serpent-like in shape was all the rest;
He had two talons covered thick with hair
From armpit down, his back, the breast, each side
Depicted on them knots and circles bare.
No Turk or Tartar so diversified,
With ground or laid on tints, the stuffs he made,
Colours so many Arachne ne'er applied.
And as the river-boats are sometimes laid

20 On shore with sterns afloat, or plying war
'Gainst fish the beaver lands with tail displayed
In pools in glutton Germany afar,
That beast lay on the stone ring limiting
The sand, at the edge, in manner similar,
With all his tail in air and quivering,
And twisting up on high its forkèd end,
Which, scorpion-like, was armed with poisonous sting.
The Leader said, "It needs that we should bend
Our way a little yonder where you see
30 That most malignant beast his form extend."
Therefore towards the right descended we,
And stepped ten paces by the brink of stone,
To be from sand and falling flames quite free.
When where the beast was lying we had gone,
I saw a little onward on the sand
Folk sitting near the precipice alone.
The Master then—"That thou may'st understand
By trial all this circle holds of wrong,
Go mark thou the demeanour of that band;
40 Let not thy conversation there be long;
Till thou returnest I will talk with That,
To get its shoulders' aid, which are so strong."
Still by the edge, I went along the flat
Of that seventh circle, all alone, to gain
A place near where the mournful people sat.
Their eyes give vent and issue to their pain;

His hands, now here, now there, each quickly plies
'Gainst the fire-sleet, then 'gainst the heated plain.
The dogs in summer act not otherwise,
50 Now with the muzzle, now with foot, to free
Themselves from fleas, or gnats, or stinging flies.
Looking from face to face and fixedly,
On which the painful fire was falling, none
Of them was recognized, but I could see
A purse hang from the neck of every one,
Distinctly coloured and emblazonèd.
It seemed their eyes were feeding thereupon.
And as my looks from this to that one spread,
I saw a yellow purse with azure dight,
60 The azure had a lion's form and head.
Advancing further in its course my sight,
Another red as blood I light on now,
Showing a goose—no butter is more white.
And one, who had an azure gravid sow
In argent field upon his wallet set,
Said to me, "In this grave what doest thou?
But now begone! and since thou'rt living yet,
Know that Vitalian will on my left side
Sit, thus with me his fellow-townsman met,
70 With these from Florence, I a Paduan bide;"
And ofttimes with this cry they din my ear,
"Let the Knight come, our Chieftain and our Pride,

And bring the purse with three goats blazoned here."
He made a mouth, and then stuck out in play
His tongue, as does to lick his nose a steer.
And I, who feared I might by longer stay
Anger the one by whom I had been told
To haste, turned from the weary souls away,
My Guide already seated, to behold,
80 On that fierce Monster's back, to whom I went.
He said to me, "Now be thou strong and bold,
By ladders of this kind is our descent;
Sit thou in front, I wish between to sit,
And so all stinging by his tail prevent."
As shivers one so near a quartan fit
That now his nails grow blue, if he but glance
At some place cold from trees o'erhanging it;
So I became on listening to this utterance.
But threats caused shame, which has the power to make
90 Men brave before their brave lord's countenance.
Then on the shoulders huge I dared to take
My seat; I longed to say "embrace me round,"
Only my voice came not for terror's sake.
But he who through all former straits had found
A way, when I had mounted, seized me fast
And held me, with his arms about me wound.
And said, "Now, Geryon, stir thyself at last,
Fly in large circles, sinking gradually;

Consider what a novel load thou hast."
100 And as a skiff is launched stern foremost, he,
Backward, then further backward, slid from there,
And when he felt himself entirely free,
He turned his tail towards where his shoulders were
Before, and stretched it, wriggling to and fro
Eel-like, and clutched with claws towards him air.
When Phaeton let loose the reins I know
He did not feel a more intense dismay,
Though heaven took fire, and yet appears aglow,
Nor Icarus, when the wax dissolved away,
110 As from his arms he felt the wings unbound,
The while his father called, "You go astray,"
Than was my consternation, when I found
Myself in air, and all things out of view,
Except that beast, on looking all around.
Then slowly, slowly swimming, Geryon flew
Downwards, but that I did not recognize,
Only that air in my face upward blew.
And now toward the right, I heard arise
From far beneath a whirlpool's dreadful roar,
120 Whence I stretched out my head with downward eyes.
And then my terror of the abyss grew sore,
Because I heard the groans, the fires descried,

Whence, trembling, to the beast I clung the more.
At length I saw, though not before espied,
The sinking and the wheeling, by the sight
Of woes approaching on each different side.
As when a falcon long upon the flight,
Who neither quarry nor the lure has seen,
Makes his lord cry, "Ah me! thou wouldst alight,"
130 Stoops weary down to whence his flight had been
So speedy, wheeling oft, and sullenly,
Far from his master, perches with grim mien;
So to the foot of that declivity
Flew Geryon down, and there placed us on foot.
Being unburdened of our bodies thus and free,
He flew, as from the cord an arrow shot.

CANTO XVIII.

THERE is a place called Malebolge, deep
  In hell, all stone with iron colour stained,
  As are the cliffs that round it circling sweep.
And just in that plain's midmost is contained
  A yawning pit most spacious and profound,
  Arranged as will be in due place explained.
The space which thus remains is therefore round
  Closed 'twixt the pit and lofty cliffs of stone,
  And severed in ten hollows has its ground.
10 Such figure as when fosse on fosse is thrown
  Round castle walls, to guard 'gainst enemies,
  By that site, where those fosses are, is shown,
Such is the semblance of those cavities.
  Also as little drawbridges extend
  From door to furthest bank in forts like these,
So, too, from that cliff's base do stone reefs trend
  Across each moat and intervening mound
  Even to the pit, wherein cut off they end.
Here cast from Geryon's back upon the ground
20 We found ourselves, and then the Poet-guide,
  With me behind him, went on leftward bound.

Upon the right new anguish I descried,
  New pains inflicted by new scourgers there,
  Filling that foremost cavity inside.
At the pit's bottom naked sinners were,
  This side the middle they towards us strode,
  Beyond, with us, but with steps speedier;
Just as the Romans, in that year there flowed
  Hosts to the Jubilee, that such a mass
30 Might cross the bridge with ease, devised a mode,
In which, along one side, they make that class
  Look Castleward, which to Saint Peter's goes,
  On the other all tow'rds Mount Giordano pass.
This side and that, on the dark stone, in rows,
  I saw horned fiends, each bearing a great whip,
  Who lashed the sinners' backs with cruel blows.
Ah! how they made heels rise and sinners skip
  At the first stroke, none waited to feel light
  A second or a third upon his hip.
40 As I was going on, a certain sprite
  Met full my eyes; at once I 'gan to say,
  "I do not fast till now from this one's sight."
Therefore, to scan his looks, I made a stay,
  And my kind Leader halted by my side,
  And gave me leave to travel back some way.
And that scourged one believed that he could hide,
  Lowering his head, but gained not much thereby,
  For, "Thou who bend'st thy eyes to ground," I cried,

"Thy name, if but thy mien be not a lie,
50 Venedico Caccianimico is;
Thou in this whipping Golgotha! say why?"
Then he—"I tell unwillingly, I wis,
But thy explicit speaking forces me
To recollect the bygone life in this.
I'm he who caused fair Ghisola to be
Willing to do what would the Marquis please,
Run as it may that shameful history.
I am not here the only Bolognese,
Rather this place contains them in such store,
60 There sounds not from so many tongues as these
Sipa 'twixt Reno and Savena's shore.
Wouldst thou have pledge and proof of what I tell,
Think of our bosoms greedy to the core."
A devil lashed him, speaking thus, right well
With his whip-thong of hide, exclaiming, "Hence,
Pander! there are no women here to sell."
Then I rejoined my Guide with diligence,
And after a few paces we came where
From the cliff springs a rocky prominence.
70 We climbed it with no trouble whatsoe'er,
And to the right along its ridge we went,
Departing from the eternal cliff's base there.
And when we came o'er where there yawned a rent
Below, to let the scourgèd ones pass on,
The Guide said, "Stop and catch thou incident

On thee the looks of other souls undone,
  Whom thou hast not as yet observed in face,
  Because both they and we one way have gone."
From the old bridge we marked towards us race,
80 Along the ditch's further half, a train
  Of spirits whom likewise the scourges chase.
Unasked my own good Master 'gan explain,
  Saying, "Mark that one coming, tall and bold,
  Who seems to shed no tear for all his pain;
E'en yet how kingly is he to behold!
  That's Jason, who by sense and courage high
  Despoiled the Colchians of the fleece of gold.
He stopped at Lemnos Isle, as he passed by,
  After the women void of ruth and dread
90 Caused all their males by violence to die;
And there by polished words and mien high-bred
  Beguiled Hipsipyle, the youthful maid,
  Who had ere then the rest by lies misled,
And left her pregnant, lonely, and afraid.
  Such crime condemns him to such pains as those;
  And here is venged Medea too betrayed.
He who deceives like him here with him goes.
  Let this suffice to know of this first pit,
  And of the sinners, whom its jaws inclose."
100 We now reached where our narrow causeway, knit
  Into the second bank, there crosswise stands,
  Making another arch's pier of it.
There we heard moaning in low sounds the bands

In the next pit, who snuffle with the snout,
And beat their bodies with their open hands.
The banks were crusted o'er with mould throughout
Plastered by exhalations from below,
Which wars with eyes and nose all round about.
There is no place, the ground is hollowed so,
110 To see right down, unless one to the crown
Of that bridge, where the crag is highest, go.
Thither we came, and I saw, looking down
Into the moat, folk smothered in filth there,
That seemed drawn from the privies of a town,
And 'mongst them one, as I scanned everywhere,
With head so hid in filth, I could not see
If he were clerk or layman by the hair.
He screamed, "Why show such greed to look at me
More than the rest, who are as foul as I?"
120 Then I—"Because I have ere now seen thee,
If I remember well, and with hair dry,
Alessio Interminei the Lucchese;
That is why thee, more than the rest, I spy."
He beat his crown, and said, "The flatteries,
Which my tongue never felt it toil to feign,
Have now submerged me in these miseries."
My Leader after this said, "Do thou crane
A little forward, that thy face be put,
So that thy eyes the countenance attain
130 Of that uncleanly and dishevelled brute,
Who scratches with foul nails in front of us,

And crouches now and now stands up on foot;
Thais she is, the whore, who answered thus
Her paramour, when he exclaimed, 'Am I
In great favour with you?' 'Nay marvellous.'
Now let what we have seen here satisfy."

CANTO XIX.

O Simon Magus and his wretched breed,
  Ye who bestow God's things, that ought to be
  The brides of holiness alone, through greed,
For gold and silver in adultery,
  Here well for you a trumpet blast will come,
  Because you dwell in this third cavity!
We now o'er it, as next ensuing tomb,
  Had climbed the stony reef unto a height,
  Which o'er the chasm's centre hangs just plumb.
10 How great Thy skill, O Wisdom infinite!
  That is on earth and in the bad world found;
  And how Thy equity divides aright!
The livid stone of that third prison-ground
  Was full of holes, on flanks and at the base,
  Of one size every one, and each was round.
They seemed of neither less nor greater space,
  Than those that are in my own fair Saint John,
  Constructed there for the baptizers' place;
And one I broke, not many years agone,
20 To save a stifling child who else had died,
  Be this a proof to undeceive each one.

Outside the mouth of each hole, I descried
A sinner's feet projecting, and calf-high
His legs, but all the rest remained inside.
All had both soles on fire, and pained thereby
They kept their joints so strongly quivering,
They would have burst a withe or straw plait tie.
As when fire kindles in some unctuous thing,
Flames from the very topmost surface rise,
30 So there from heel to toe flames flickering spring.
"Who, Master, yonder in such torment lies,
Quivering much more than the surrounding crew,"
I said, "and licked by fire of ruddier guise?"
Then he—"If you would let me carry you
Down there along that bank—the most depressed—
You shall hear that from him, and his sins too."
And I—"What pleases you to me seems best,
You are my lord, you know from your command
I do not part, you know thoughts not confessed."
40 The fourth bank reached, towards the weaker hand
We turned, descending to the narrow plain
Between the banks, where holes pit o'er the land.
My Master did not set me down again
From off his hip, until we had reached now
His cleft, whose quivering legs showed forth such pain.
Then I began—"Bad spirit, who art thou,

Turned upside down, and fixed as stakes in clay
Are driven? Speak thou, if but thy fate allow."
I stood, as, hearing some false murderer say
50 His shrift, a friar stands, whom that wretch tied,
And set in earth, recalled that death might stay.
He called—"Already stand'st thou by my side,
So soon, O Boniface, art thou there placed?
By several years to me the writing lied.
Is then so quickly satiate thy taste
Of wealth, for which thou fearedst not to take
By guile the beauteous bride, then lay her waste?"
I grew like one who answered, when he spake,
With words not understood, stands, as it were,
60 Mocked at, not knowing what reply to make.
Then Virgil said, "To him at once declare,
I am not he thou think'st, I am not he."
I said as bidden to the spirit there;
Whereon he twisted both feet furiously,
Then sighing, with the voice of those who mourn,
He said, "What then dost thou require of me?
But if thou carest who I am to learn,
And camest down the bank by that wish led,
Know that the great Church-mantle I have worn,
70 And of the She-Bear's strain I was true-bred,
And with such greed for her cubs' weal possessed,
There coin, and here myself, I pocketed.
Deeper beneath my head are dragged the rest,

Who have before me practised simony,
They lie along the crevices compressed.
I shall in turn descend a cavity,
When he shall come whom I supposed thou wast,
What time I asked that question suddenly.
But since my feet roast here, more time has passed,
80 The while heels uppermost I thus remain,
Than he shall stay red-footed, planted fast.
For after him with deeds of uglier stain,
A lawless shepherd from the West shall spring,
Such as must needs be put above us twain,
A second Jason, and as favouring
Was his king, as in Maccabees is told,
So shall to this one prove his own French king."
I know not if for me I made too bold,
In answering in this wise hastily,
90 "Ah, tell me now, I pray, what sum of gold
Our Saviour of Saint Peter—what asked He
Ere giving o'er the keys to Peter's hand?
Sure He asked nothing save—'Come after Me,'
Nor did Saint Peter and the rest demand
Gold from Matthias, chosen by lot instead
Of the accursed soul who left their band.
Therefore stop there, thou art well punishèd,
And of the foully gotten coin have care,
Whereby thy arrogance 'gainst Charles was bred.
100 And were I not forbidden more to dare

By reverence for those holy keys too great,
Which once thou in the gladsome life didst bear,
I would use words of still more grievous weight,
Because your greed o'er earth a sadness brings,
Trampling the good, the bad to elevate.
The Evangelist saw your foreshadowings,
Shepherds! when he saw her that hath her seat
O'er waters, doing whoredom with the kings,
That one who had from birth seven heads complete,
110 And drew from her ten horns support and aid,
While to her husband virtue still was sweet.
Of gold and silver you your gods have made,
So you and heathens have this difference,
Their prayer to one, yours is to hundreds, prayed.
Ah, Constantine! to evils how immense,
Not your conversion, but your dower gave birth,
From which the first rich Pope took opulence."
And all the while such tones proceeded forth,
Or stung by conscience or by wounded pride,
120 He struggled with his feet above the earth.
I do believe my sayings pleased my Guide,
A countenance so placidly intent,
Unto the true words sounding he applied.
And then with both his arms around me bent,
And bearing me all laid against his breast,
He climbed again the path of his descent;
Nor wearied he of having me thus pressed
Till to the bridge's top he with me strode,

Which from the fourth to the fifth bank progressed.

130 There softly he set down the well-loved load,
Upon the crag so rugged and so steep,
It would have proved to goats no easy road.
Thence was disclosed to sight another deep.

CANTO XX.

I MUST make verses on a novel woe,
To fill with them this twentieth canticle
Of my first song, which treats of those sunk low.
I was now set as far as possible,
To scan the opened valley's bottom ground,
Bathed with the tears that from souls anguished fell,
And saw folk coming in that valley round,
Silent and weeping; at that pace they went
In our processions of religion found.
10 And when my looks were lower down them bent,
'Twixt chin and trunk each was as I descried
Distorted so as caused astonishment.
For each face turned towards the hinder side,
And backward always they were forced to go,
Because all looking forward was denied.
Haply paralysis might make one grow
So utterly distorted to the eye,
I ne'er saw that, nor think it has been so.
Reader! so God grant thee to fructify
20 From what thou readest, think how in my case

I could have kept my countenance quite dry,
When I saw near the image of our race
So twisted, that the tears, as they were shed,
Wetted the buttocks down the parting space.
Indeed I wept the while I leant my head
Upon the rocky ledge, till my Guide cries,
"Amongst the fools art thou too reckonèd?
Here piety lives most, when pity dies.
How can there be one wickeder than he,
30 Who 'gainst God's judgments lets compassion rise?
Lift up thy head, lift it, I say, and see
Him, whom Earth yawned for in the Thebans' sight,
So they all cried, 'Where go'st so suddenly,
Amphiaräus? Why leav'st thou the fight?'
Still he rushed downward without any rest,
Till he reached Minos, who holds spirits tight.
Mark how he has made shoulders of his breast;
Because he chose to see too much before,
He backward looks, his steps are backward pressed.
40 Next is Tiresias, who changed mien all o'er,
When he from male to female nature grew,
Reforming every member that he bore.
And it behoved him first to strike anew
His wand upon the Serpents intertwined,
Ere he regained male feathering his due.

His paunch fronts Aruns' back, who comes behind ;
Midst Luni's mountains, where the Carrarese,
Who live below, dig up the soil unkind,
A cave, in the white marble, wont to please
50 Aruns as home, for there nought rose to hide
The constellations and the glancing seas.
And she, who covers up her bosom wide
With tresses loose, which thou seest not from here,
And has all hairy skin on yonder side,
Was Manto, who searched regions far and near,
And then she fixed herself where I was born,
Hence something of her I would have thee hear.
When as her father was from this life torn,
And Bacchus' town fell into slavery,
60 She went about the world long while forlorn.
There is above in our fair Italy
A lake, Benaco called, where Alps stand o'er
Tyrol, and sever us from Germany.
'Twixt Val Camonica and Garda pour
Streams from a thousand springs, I think more, sent
Adown Mount Apennine to that lake's store.
The Brescian Bishop, and those too of Trent,
And of Verona, near one centre there,
Might use their jurisdiction, if they went.
70 Peschiera sits, a fortress strong and fair,
Where the surrounding margins are most low,

Lest Bergamo or Brescia aught should dare.
And there the waters needs must overflow,
Such as Benaco's lap cannot contain,
And through green meadows down in one stream go,
No more Benaco called, from where they gain
The head-pool, but now Mincio, till they meet
The Po, hard by Governo in the plain.
Ere from the lake much distance is complete,
80 The stream spreads o'er a flat to a pool here,
Sometimes unhealthy in the summer heat.
It chanced, that this raw virgin passing near,
Should some dry ground girt round with water find,
From culture and inhabitants quite clear.
To shun all fellowship with human-kind,
She settled with her servants here, and plied
Her arts, and left her empty shell behind.
The people round the neighbourhood spread wide,
Came to the place for its security,
90 By reason of the water on each side,
And o'er her ashes they built gradually
A town, called Mantova, from her who quick
Chose out the site, without more augury.
But its inhabitants were once more thick,
Ere Pinamont deceived the foolishness
Of Casalodi, by a cheating trick.
I warn thee hence that if one e'er profess

To give my town a different origin,
Truth must not yield to lying utterances."
100 "Master," I said, "thy talk has made begin
Such certainty and such assured assent,
New tales would like quenched brands light nought within.
But say if thou see'st any eminent
And notable 'mongst those who march below;
To that alone my mind goes back intent."
"That one who lets his beard in masses flow
From throat to shoulders, brown and weather-stained,
Was when all Greece was emptied of males, so
That scarce the cradled infants still remained,
110 An augur, and in Aulis he of old,
With Calchas when to cut the rope explained,
Euripylus by name; the tale is told
Somewhere within my lofty Tragedy,
Thou know'st that, knowing all those verses hold.
That one, whose flanks are shaped so slenderly,
Was Michael Scott, who had a knowledge great
Indeed of all the tricks of wizardry.
Guido Bonatti see, and contemplate
Asdente, wishing now he had stuck aye
120 To awl and lapstone; he repents too late.
See wicked crones, who fortunes used to say,
And would not sew, or spin, or weave, but wrought

With herbs their spells, and with wax-forms decay.
But come, now Cain with his thorn-bushes fraught
The line that of both hemispheres is bound
In ocean-waves beyond Seville, has caught.
Already yesternight the moon was round,
Thou must remember she did not beguile
Sometimes, amid the forest shades profound."
130 So spoke he, and we onward went meanwhile.

CANTO XXI.

From that towards the fifth bridge we went down,
  Talking of things of which my Comedy
  Cares not to sing, and now we reached the crown
Of the fifth bridge, and stopped that chasm to see
  Of Malebolge, and the new tears fall
  Idly, and it seemed darkened wondrously.
And as in the Venetian Arsenal,
  Where men boil sticky pitch in winter-tide,
  To freshly pay their leaky ships withal,
10 And since all navigation is denied,
  One builds his ship anew, and some caulk tight
  The sides of one of cruises multiplied,
At the bows here, and there astern, they smite,
  And some make oars, and some new cordage twine,
  And some set foresail and the mainsail right;
So, not by fire, but by the Skill Divine,
  Tenacious pitch was boiling in that den,
  And made the banks all gluey on the incline.
And I kept looking, but saw nothing then,
20 Beside the bubbles that the heat still brewed
  And the pitch swelling to subside again.

While I intently gazed upon that flood,
"Take care! Take care!" my wary Leader said,
Drawing towards him me from where I stood.
I turned then, as one turns by longing led,
On what he needs must fly from, to look back,
And who is all unmanned by sudden dread,
But does not for the sight his flying slack?
I then perceived a swarthy fiend advance,
30 Running along the reef upon our track.
Ah, how ferocious in his countenance!
How cruel in his gestures to the eye!
How light afoot beneath his wings' expanse!
He bore upon one shoulder shrugged up high
A sinner slung up by the haunches so,
And clawing his heel-tendons held thereby.
"Ill-Claws of our bridge look," he said, "and know
Here one of Santa Zita's Justices;
Down with him, while in search of prey I go
40 To where I've reared it in such plenteousness,
All save Bonturo are in my belief
Corrupt; there no for coin is made a yes."
Tossing his load below, along the reef
He turned, and never did a loosened hound
Run with such haste to follow up a thief.
But that one sank, and then his back arched round
Showed up, and fiends, who 'neath that bridge abide,
Shout, "Here no Holy Countenance is found;

Folk do not swim here as in Serchio's tide;
50 Therefore, if from these prongs you wish to fly,
Let nothing of you o'er the pitch be spied,"
Then with a hundred points stuck in him cry,
"You must dance henceforth covered in this moat,
And thieve there, if you can thieve, on the sly."
Just so the cooks make scullions, when they note
Meat rise, submerge it in the boiling pot
With forks, in order that it may not float.
"Not to make manifest thy presence squat,"
So my good Master then commanded me,
60 "Behind a boulder in a sheltered spot.
Be not alarmed, whatever injury
Is offered me, because I know the case;
I was in such a fray once formerly."
He passed the bridge's head, and at the place
Where he stepped on the fifth moat's further shore,
He had good need of a courageous face.
With fury and tempestuous uproar,
As when dogs rush on some poor man in view,
Who sudden begs on stopping at the door,
70 Those fiends abiding in the archway flew,
And brandished their harpoons before his eyes;
But he cried, "Be not spiteful one of you!
Before harpooning me in this rash guise,
Let one step forward of your brotherhood,

And hear me; then about my case advise."
"Let Malacoda go," all those fiends crowed.
Then one moved, while the rest stopped on the brow,
And he came forward, saying, "What's the good?"
My Master said to him, "Believest thou,
80 O Malacoda, I am here, and went
Unharmed through your defences up to now,
Without God's will and fate benevolent?
Let me go free, it was at Heaven's own call
I came to guide one down this wild descent."
And then his arrogance had such a fall,
That dropping his harpoon to ground, he cried
To the rest, "Let him not be struck at all!"
And then my Leader said, "Thou who dost hide
Asquat amongst the jutting ridges laid,
90 Come forth to me again unterrified."
So I came to him quickly, as he bade;
The fiends too all pushed forward nearer us;
I feared they would not keep the treaty made.
I once before marked soldiers tremble thus,
Who from Caprona under terms defiled,
Seeing themselves 'mongst foes so numerous.
So I closed up beside my Master mild,
With all my body, nor removed my sight
From off their countenances, which looked wild.
100 They lowered all their prongs, and, "Shall I smite

There by the loins?" among themselves they said,
And answered, "Yes, do give it him," with spite.
But that fiend who had spoken, as their Head,
With my Conductor, quickly wheeled half round,
And said, "Scarmiglion peace! be quieted!"
To us—"No road beyond this can be found
Along the reef, because the sixth arch here
Lies broken all to pieces on the ground.
Still, if you hold the onward journey dear,
110 Along this rocky dike go ye your way,
Another reef that makes a road is near.
Five hours later than this hour yesterday,
Twelve centuries, add six years and three score,
Had reached their end, since this bridge shattered lay.
I now send some of these along the shore,
To see if any sinner takes the air;
Go with them, they will bear ill-will no more.
Be Alichino, Calcabrina there,"
He 'gan to say; "Cagnazzo join the crew,
120 The Captain's post let Barbariccia bear.
Go Libicocco, Draghinazzo, you
Ciriatto with the tusks, and Graffiacan,
Mad Rubicante, Farfarello too;
This boiling pitch go round about and scan,
Unto that reef let these go safe and free,
Which crosses every den with perfect span."
"Master," I said, "ah, what is this I see?

All guideless and alone, do let us go
If thou know'st how; I want no guide but thee.
130 With all that wariness thou'rt wont to show,
Seest not yon demons gnash their teeth and plot
With those stern eyebrows, threatening us with woe."
And he, "It is my will thou tremble not,
Let them gnash well their teeth to their content,
They do that for the sinners steeped and hot."
And then along the leftward bank they went,
But first each showed the Chief, as signal clear,
The tongue fixed by the teeth and prominent.
And he employed as trumpet his own rear.

CANTO XXII.

I HAVE seen horsemen leave their bivouac,
  Muster and charge as battle is begun,
  Ere now, or for security fall back.
I have seen scouting in your country done,
  O Aretines, and squadrons sent around,
  And tournaments fought out, and joustings run,
By bell-stroke now, and now by trumpet-sound,
  With drums, and signs from beacon-towers afar,
  And things that we or foreigners have found,
10 But ne'er a bagpipe so peculiar
  Start horse or footmen on their marches thus,
  Or ships that sail by landmarks or a star.
We journeyed on and the ten fiends with us,
  Fierce company! but with the saints (men say),
  At church, at taverns with the gluttonous.
Upon the pitch my eyes pored all the way,
  Observing every detail of that lake,
  And of the folk that in it burning lay.
As when the dolphins breaking water make,
20 With arching backs, a sign to sailors plain,
  To have due care for their bark's safety's sake;

So here anon, to mitigate his pain,
  Some sinner showed his back, and scarce descried
  He hid it quick as a lightning flash again.
And as in ditches by the water-side,
  The frogs poke out of water just the snout,
  Letting the legs and middle bulk still hide;
Just so those sinners lay all round about.
  But Barbariccia approaching nigh,
30 They ducked beneath the bubbles what was out.
I saw with heart-thrills not e'en yet gone by,
  One spirit loitering, as it may chance
  That one frog stops, the rest slide off and fly;
And Graffiacan right o'er him in advance,
  By grappling as pitch-matted locks allow,
  Upraised him like an otter on the lance.
I knew the names of every one by now,
  I took such note when they were chosen first,
  And when they called each other, I marked how.
40 "Now Rubicante claws in deep immersed
  Into his back, let him right well be flayed."
  So all together bawled out those Accursed.
"Procure, my Master, if thou canst," I said,
  "Who yonder luckless is to understand,
  A prisoner in his foes' hands lately made."
My Leader then approached him near at hand,
  And asked him whence he was. Thus answered he,
  "The realm of Navarre was my native land.

My mother to a squire disposed of me
50 In place; she bore me to a prodigal
Destroyer of his health and property.
Next I was good king Thibault's seneschal,
And there betook me to embezzlement,
Whence in this heat I pay the scot of all."
Then Ciriatto, from whose muzzle went
Both ways a tusk such as the wild boars bear,
Made him soon feel how sharply one tusk rent.
The mouse had come where cats of fierce kind were,
But Barbariccia clasped him in embrace,
60 Crying, "While I hold him stop you all there."
And then towards my Master turned his face,
And said, "Inquire of him if thou wouldst know
Aught more ere he be mangled on the place."
My Guide—"Tell then of the others there below,
Dost thou know any one Italian bred
Under the pitch?" "A little time ago,
I left one born near Italy," he said,
"Would I were with him now and covered o'er,
With neither talons nor those hooks to dread."
70 Then Libicocco cried, "Too much we bore;"
One of the arms with his harpoon he struck,
And so a piece of muscle from it tore.
As Draghinazzo too would have a pluck,
Down at the legs, the Captain 'mongst the ten
Turned round, and round about, with threatening
look.

They growing somewhat pacified again,
My Guide of him who stood there gazing still
Upon his wounded arm, demanded then,
"Who was the one from whom thou partedst ill,
80 Thou say'st, to come to shore?" and he replied,
"Friar Gomita, whom all treacheries fill,
Cup-like, that in Gallura did preside,
And had his master's foes at his command,
But acted so that each was satisfied;
For he took gold and let them loose 'soft hand,'
(To quote him,) and in all capacities
Was no small cheat, but chief of all the band;
Whom Michael Zanche most accompanies,
Of Logodoro, they cease not to spin
90 Sardinian yarns with untired memories.
But ah me! mark him, that one yonder, grin!
I would speak further, were I not deterred
By fear that he prepares to scratch sore skin."
The Chief to Farfarello turned, this heard,
Who glared with rolling eyes in act to smite,
And said, "Do you step that way, wicked bird."
"If you desire to hear, or to have sight,
Of souls of Lombard or of Tuscan race,
I'll make them come," said he who had the fright.
100 "Let but the Evil-Claws stand some short space
Aloof, so that from them there be no fear,
And I, not moving from this very place,
For one that I am will make seven appear,

By whistling as we are accustomèd,
Whene'er we chance outside our heads to rear."
Cagnazzo, hearing this, tossed up his head
And wagged it, saying, "See now what a snare
To throw himself down there this cheat has spread."
Then he, who had tricks ready and to spare,
110 Answered, "Too fine a cunning mine must be,
Seeing I only harm for friends prepare."
Then Alichin held not, but contrary
To what the others thought, said, "If thou spring,
I shall by no means gallop after thee,
But follow o'er the pitch upon the wing.
Leave we this brow and screen ourselves below,—
No fear that one beat ten in such a thing."
Reader, my verse a novel sport will show.
Each one then turned his eyes to the other side,
120 He first who most opposed the doing so.
The Navarrese had well his time espied,
Steadying his feet one moment on the plain,
He leapt and 'scaped their purpose yet untried.
At which each one was sudden struck with pain,
He most whose counsel caused them that defeat,
Who therefore started crying, "You're o'erta'en."
But it availed him nought, no wings could beat
Mad terror, underneath that first one went,
The other raised his bosom in retreat.
130 Not otherwise a wild duck provident,

Seeing the falcon near, dives under quick,
And he flies beaten back with discontent.
But Calcabrina, who brooked ill the trick,
And wished for his escape to have a fight,
Pressed closely after, being choleric,
And as that Cheat was vanishing from sight,
His own companion with his talons hit,
And o'er the pitch hung grappling with him tight;
The other was a hawk full-taloned, fit
140 To claw back well, and so both combating,
Fell in the middle of the boiling pit.
The heat proved suddenly dissevering,
And nought of rising could the fallen ones do,
So sticky had the pitch made everything.
But Barbariccia, grieving with his crew,
Bade four start for the other bank, who got
The gaffs together, and most quickly flew
Down from this side and that right o'er the spot,
Where they reached down the hooks to those wing-tied,
150 That in the scum already were cooked hot.
We left them at that time so occupied.

CANTO XXIII.

SILENT and unaccompanied meanwhile,
One following the other, on we went,
As Minor Friars walk in single file.
My thoughts were by the present quarrel bent
Upon that fable of old Æsop, where
Are killed the mouse and frog malevolent.
"Now" and "at present" do not better pair
Than this case with that tale, if one bring near
The end to the beginning with due care.
10 As from one thought another springs, so here
From that reflection was another born,
Which latter thought redoubled my first fear.
For I mused thus, "These fiends have suffered scorn
Through us, and have with scoffs and damage met,
Such, that I think they greatly rage and mourn.
If to ill-will that rage be added yet,
They will pursue us with more cruelty
Than a hound shows to the caught leveret."
I felt my hair now bristle rigidly
20 For fear, and kept on looking back, and said,

"Master, if thou hide not thyself and me
Forthwith, the Malebranche make me dread;
E'en now they are behind us, and my thought
So paints them, that I feel claws touch my head."
"Were I," he said, "of looking-glass all wrought,
Thy outward image would not quicker shine
On me, than now thy inward one is caught.
But now thy thoughts were entering joined with mine,
With the same mien and undistinguished face,
30 So that I joined the twain in one design.
If in the sixth pit's bank a sloping place
Exist, so that down it we can descend,
We shall escape so the imagined chase."
But scarcely had this counsel reached its end,
When I saw them with wings extended fly,
And not far off, to clutch us up and rend.
Thereon my Leader seized me suddenly,
Just like a mother waked by noise ere day,
Who sees the flames quite near her blazing high;
40 She takes her boy and starts without delay,
And by her thoughts for him all occupied,
With one shift only clothed, she runs away.
Laid on his back, he let himself then slide
From the top down to the embankment's base,
Which closes in the pit upon one side.
No water down a water-mill's head-race
To turn an undershot wheel round can run,

E'en near the floats, at a more speedy pace,
Than by my Master down that bank was done,
50 Bearing me with him on his bosom spread,
Not as companion but more like a son.
His feet had scarcely landed on the bed
Of that pit, when they crowned the eminence
Just over us; but still he had no dread,
Because that high decree of Providence
Appointing them to exercise constraint
In that fifth pit, prevents their going thence.
We found below there folk disguised with paint,
That went around with paces very slow,
60 In tears, and looking wearied out and faint.
And they had cloaks with cowls that hung down low
Before their eyes; the friars at Cologne
Have garments of that cut and wear them so.
Outside their dress was gilt and dazzling shone,
Inside all lead, and of such heaviness,
As made seem straw what Frederic made folk don:
A mantle of fatigue to aye oppress.
Still leftward turned we in that cavity
With them, listening to their sad utterances.
70 And through their loads that folk so tardily
Advanced, that we o'ertook upon the ground,
Each time we moved the thigh, new company.
Hence I addressed my Guide, "Let some be found

Well known by name or by achievements here,
And look, as we go onward thus, around."
Then one who knew the Tuscan speech was near,
And cried behind us, "Stay your feet, O ye
So hurrying through the dusky atmosphere;
Thou wilt perhaps get what thou lack'st from me."
80 Wherefore my Guide turned to me, saying, "Wait,
And then proceed at the same pace as he."
I stopped, and saw two faces demonstrate
Great eagerness to reach me and my Guide;
The loads and narrow path delayed their gait.
When they came up to us, askance they eyed
Me all o'er, speaking nought and taking note.
Then turning to each other spoke aside—
"That one seems living by his heaving throat,
But e'en if dead, by what immunity
90 Do they go here without the heavy coat?"
"O Tuscan, who art come," they said to me,
"Unto the guild of hypocrites forlorn,
Take thou no scorn to tell who thou may'st be."
And I said, "Near the Arno I was born,
In the great town, to that my rearing owe,
And wear that body I have always worn.
But who are ye, adown whose cheeks there flow
Such bitter tears, as I now see you shed?
What punishment is this that sparkles so?"
100 One answered me, "These orange cloaks are lead

And thick, and hence in what bears weights like these
Hung balanced, is this constant groaning bred.
Godenti friars we were and Bolognese,
This Loderingo, and I Catalan
By name; your town made us joint Justices,
Though wonted to appoint one single man
To keep the peace; it still appears to view,
About Gardingo, how our Justice ran."
And I began, " The ills endured by you—"
110 Then stopped; there rushed upon my eyesight one,
Fixed crosswise on the ground with three stakes through.
At sight of me, a writhing had begun
Of all his form, his beard was stirred with sighs.
And Catalan, who saw what he had done,
Said, "That pierced one on whom thou hast thy eyes
Counselled the Pharisees; 'twere well, he showed,
To put one man for all to agonies.
Now he lies naked set across the road,
As thou perceivest, and it needs that those
120 Who pass must step on him with all their load.
Like pains his father-in-law undergoes
Here, and all those who to that Council went,
Which for the Jews became the seed of woes."
Then I saw Virgil wondering and intent
On him, who pegged and stretched out crosswise lay

So vilely in eternal banishment.
Then, turning to the Friar, he 'gan to say,
"If it be lawful, condescend to tell
If rightward lies a gulley with a way
130 By which for both ascent is possible,
Without constraining the black fiends before
To come and help us from this pit of hell."
He answered then, "We are approaching more
Than hoped a reef, which starts from yon cliff-wall
And bridges all these cruel valleys o'er,
Save this, but shattered spans not this at all.
You can, where on the floor and up the side
Its ruins lie, climb up the overfall."
A little time with head bent mused my Guide,
140 And then, "The Fiend up there, who scarifies
The sinners, ill described this thing," he cried.
"Erst at Bologna, I," the Friar replies,
"Heard 'mongst the Devil's vices, that he is
A liar, and the father of all lies."
The Leader started with great strides at this,
Looking disturbed somewhat; I too left here
The loaded ones, and shaped my course by his,
Following on the prints of feet so dear.

CANTO XXIV.

When the infant year has reached upon his way
  Where the Sun's tresses 'neath Aquarius gain
  Some warmth, and nights wane tow'rds the length of day,
And Hoar-frost makes a copy on the plain
  Of her fair sister's face in dazzling white,
  But feebly, so the features quickly wane,
The yeoman, whose stored fodder failed at night,
  Rises, and seeing that the fields all wear
  White garments, slaps his thigh for pure despite,
10 Returns indoors, and grumbles here and there,
  Like some poor wretch who knows not what to do,
  Then goes outside, and gets a hope more fair,
Seeing the world has altered looks all through
  So soon, and takes his crook up with good cheer,
  And drives his ewes to feed on herbage new.
My Master in like manner caused me fear,
  When I saw him so discompose his face,
  The plaster to the wound was just as near;
For when we reached the ruined bridge's place,
20 My Guide turned on me that sweet look I found

In him when met hard by the mountain's base.
Then having well surveyed that rocky ground,
And fixed upon some purpose inwardly,
He opened out his arms and clasped me round,
And like a man who acts with wary eye
And ever seems beforehand to provide,
He lifting me towards the surface high
Of one rock-shelf, a jutting stone espied,
And said, "Next swing thyself upon that rock,
30 But first its power to bear thee must be tried."
It was no road for one who wears that frock,
Since hardly we, I pushed, and he so light,
Could climb up it from jutting block to block.
And had not that side's dike been less in height
Than the one opposite, I scarcely know
If he, but I should have been vanquished quite.
But since the lines of Malebolge go
Ever descending tow'rds the central pit,
The site of every valley is planned so,
40 That every dike o'ertops that opposite.
Still, at the last, the summit's brink was gained,
From which the topmost fragments had been split.
Then was the air from out my lungs so drained,
That I could go no further, and instead,
I sat down at the very spot attained.
"You must abandon now," the Master said,
"Faint-heartedness. Who lolls on down at home
Comes not to fame, nor he who lies abed.

He who lets life with no fame gained consume,
50 Leaves of himself on earth such vestiges,
As smoke in air, or on the water foam.
Therefore get up, and conquer breathlessness
With the spirit that wins in every fray,
If it let not the body's weight repress.
We must mount longer stairs upon our way,
'Tis not enough to leave those here behind.
Make use, if thou canst see, of what I say."
I rose, and looked as though I had more wind
Than I possessed, and said, "Let us be gone,
60 For I am strong, and resolute in mind."
Along the ledge's summit we went on,
Which was much ridged, and difficult, and strait;
And far yet steeper than that former one.
I talked on, not to show my weary state.
Meanwhile a voice from out the next moat flowed,
Ill able to form words articulate.
I know not what it said, although I stood
Upon the arch's crown which crosses there,
But he who spoke appeared in angry mood.
70 My living eyes, although I looked with care,
Through gloom reached not the bottom of the pit.
"Unto the dike," I said, "now Master fare,
And let us clamber down this reef to it.
I hear sounds hence not understood by me,
I look below, but make out not a whit."

"Not otherwise," he said, "I answer thee
Than by the doing; on a fair request
The matter asked should follow silently."
At the bridge-head we clambered from the crest,
80 Where the reef's base and that eighth dike unite,
And then the cavity showed manifest.
Within a swarm of serpents came in sight,
So terrible with such strange shapes and ways,
The memory curdles still my blood for fright.
Libya with all her sands can claim not praise
For more; if snakes that walk, or dart from trees
Or sidelong, or have heads both ways, she raise,
Ne'er have so many, or such fell banes as these,
In her and Æthiopia added, been,
90 Or lands that are the Red Sea's boundaries.
A naked folk and frightened ran between
Those hateful pests, who had no hope to hide
In caves, or by the bloodstone grow unseen.
Their hands behind them were by serpents tied,
Which pierced with head and tail their bodies through,
And made a group upon the forward side.
And lo! on one who went near our bank flew
A serpent, which transfixed his person where
His neck from out the trunk and shoulders grew.
100 Nor is the letter "O" or "I" writ e'er
So fast, as he caught fire with blazing glow,

And burnt thereby to ashes fell down there.
As he lay on the ground demolished so,
His ashes of themselves collected then,
And he regained his form, as at a blow.
Thus, as it is acknowledged by wise men,
The Phœnix does with death and rebirth meet,
When his five-hundredth year comes round again.
No herb or grain will he, while living, eat,
110 Amomum is with incense-tears his food,
And myrrh and spikenard are his winding-sheet.
Like one who falls in guise not understood
By him, if some fiend takes him by surprise,
Or he faints from some stoppage of the blood;
Who when he rises turns about his eyes
Bewildered by the greatness of the pain
That he has suffered, and so gazing sighs;
Such was that sinner, when he rose again.
O power of God, how just art thou, how great!
120 From which such blows of vengeance fall like rain.
My Leader begged him who he was to state.
He answered then, "From Tuscany I fell
To this ferocious gulley but of late.
I being mule loved brute's life, not man's, well;
And in me Vanni Fucci, Beast, you see;
Pistoia gave me stabling suitable."
I to my Leader—"Tell him not to flee,
And bid him say what sin thrust him below;

A man of blood and wrath he seemed to me."
130 That sinner did not feign he did not know
My words, but bent on me his eyes and thought,
Sad shame was painted in his flushing glow.
He said, "I feel more grief that thou hast caught
Me where in misery, as thou seest, I lie,
Than when I was from yonder life first brought.
What thou requirest, I may not deny.
I am put down so deep for being one
Who stole fair vessels at the Sacristy;
A guiltless man was charged with what was done.
140 But that thou mayest not enjoy this sight,
If ever, this gloom left, thou seest the sun,
Open thy ears, and hear what I recite.
Pistoia drives her Neri from within,
Then Florence alters folk and rules of right,
From Val di Magra, as its origin,
Mars draws a vapour, cloud-charged, thunderous,
And makes upon the Picene Field begin
A storm of battle, sharp, impetuous,
Where suddenly a flash will pierce the cloud,
150 And each Bianco will be smitten thus.
I told thee that thou may'st be sad and cowed."

CANTO XXV.

Both hands, with fingers closed and thumbs pushed through,
That sinner raised, when his words reached their end,
Crying, "Take, God, these figs I aim at you."
From that time forth I viewed each snake as friend,
Because about his neck one of them twined,
As though to say, "More speaking I forefend."
One clasped his arms and pinioned them behind,
Clenching itself upon the front side still,
So that he could not stir arms so confined.
10 Pistoia! why, Pistoia, lack'st thou will
To lay thyself in ruins durable,
Since thou exceed'st thy founders e'en, in ill?
Through all the gloomy circles of that hell,
No one such pride 'gainst God exhibited,
Not he who down from Theban ramparts fell.
He took to flight, not one word more he said.
I saw a Centaur full of rage advance,

Who cried, "Where is that obstinate—where fled?"
I do not think Maremma's broad expanse
20 Has snakes so many as he had on his back,
To where began his human countenance.
A dragon with wings spread demoniac
Upon his shoulders near the nape was laid,
Who sets on fire whome'er he may attack.
"This one is Cacus," then the Master said,
"Beneath Mount Aventine he used to stay,
And there a lake of blood has often made.
He goes not with his brethren in one way,
Through the theft done by fraud from out his den
30 On the great herd of steers, that near him lay.
For that his crooked actions finished when
The club of Hercules dealt angrily
Perhaps a hundred blows, and he felt ten."
While this was said, the Centaur passing by,
Three spirits halted 'neath where we then were;
My Leader did not notice them, nor I,
Until they shouted out, "Who are you there?"
So our talk ceased of Cacus and his blame,
And those three spirits only were our care.
40 I knew them not, but an occasion came,
Such as by Fortune oftentimes is made,
That one spoke of another by his name,
Saying, "Wherever then has Cianfa stayed?"

So I, to make my Guide stop on the brow
And watch, across my lips a finger laid.
If, Reader, thou art slow to credit now
What I shall tell, it causes no surprise;
E'en what I saw myself I scarce allow.
As I was bending on them open eyes,
50 A six-legged snake flies 'gainst one's forward side,
And limb by limb its form to his applies.
The belly by the middle claws is tied,
The foremost claws seize both the arms and bind,
Through either cheek the serpent's fangs now gride.
The hindmost claws are round the thighs entwined,
The tail betwixt the prisoned legs is thrown,
And then curled up along the loins behind.
No ivy clinging to a tree has grown
So fixed as that beast, horrid to be seen,
60 Amongst the other's limbs enclasped its own.
Then they stuck closer as though they had been
Hot wax, and mingled hues appeared to rise;
Nor this nor that retained the former mien;
Just as ere flame bursts out on paper flies
Upwards o'er it a brown, fast darkening hue,
Not black as yet, meanwhile the white tint dies.
The other two each fixed on them their view,

Crying, "Agnello, how thou art undone!
Behold, thou art now neither one nor two!"
70 The two heads had already grown to one,
And there appeared two sets of features blent
In one set, into which the two had run.
To two arms grew four members different,
Belly with chest and legs with thighs misplaced
Grew parts, of form without a precedent.
There every former aspect was defaced,
Neither and both, that form misshapen showed
To view, and with slow footsteps such it paced.
As the green lizard, under the sharp goad
80 Of dog-day heats, some other wall to gain,
Seems like a lightning flash to cross the road;
So looked, while shooting tow'rds the other twain,
At mid-height, one small snake within aglow,
Livid and blackish like a pepper-grain.
And in that spot through which our food must flow
Ere birth it pierced one with a puncture deep,
Then fell stretched out in front of him below.
He gazed but spoke not, rather seemed to keep
His feet unmoved and yawn, like one beset
90 By fever, or one overcome by sleep.
While they stood looking at each other yet,
One through the mouth, the other through his wound
Smoked violently, and the two smokes met.
Let Lucan drop the tale, in his verse found,

Of poor Sabellus' and Nasidius' fate,
And stand to hear what my pen makes resound.
No more let Ovid, Cadmus' change relate,
Or Arethusa's; if in poetry
One snake, she stream became, that seems not great.
100 He ne'er changed two kinds fronting mutually,
In such wise that each form was prompt to don
Each other's substance interchangeably.
For those two forms responded, one to one,
So that the serpent's tail was split in two,
And the pierced one joined feet in union.
By themselves legs and thighs together drew,
So that the juncture in short time displayed
No line or mark discoverable to view.
And that same shape of legs, the wounded Shade
Dropped off, was ta'en by that split tail, its skin
110 Grew soft, the other's into scales was made.
I saw the arms by the armpits shorten in,
And the brute's two small forelegs lengthen out,
And all the size the arms were losing win.
And next the hinder legs twist round about,
And form that member which men hidden bear,
And then the wretch's own to two legs sprout.
Meanwhile, the smoke makes this and that one wear
Complexions new, and causes hair
120 On one, and strips the othe

This one stands up erect, and that falls low,
  But neither bends aside the cruel eyes,
  Through which both change of features undergo.
The one erect made towards his temples rise
  Flesh from the jaws; what more than needed went
  Gave for ears sprouting from smooth cheeks supplies,
And of the overplus not backward sent
  But kept, he made upon his face a nose,
  And swelled his lips to size convenient.
130 The prostrate one his muzzle forward throws,
  And next draws back his ears within his head,
  Just as a snail with horns protruded does.
His tongue, till then one whole and which bested
  His talking, splits, and yon tongue forked and mute
  Unites, and then the smoke is finishèd.
That spirit which had thus become a brute,
  Flies down the valley with a hissing sound,
  This talking one spits at it in pursuit.
And then he turned his novel shoulders round,
140 And told the third, "It is my will to make
  Buoso move, as I did, breast to ground."
So I saw change and interchange o'ertake
  That rubbish, and now let me be excused,
  [illegible]what prolix, for the newness' sake.
  [illegible]mind was partially confused,

And eyesight somewhat blunted by surprise,
I did not fail, for all the art they used,
Puccio Sciancato well to recognize.
And this one had remained unchanged alone
150 Of all the three who first had met our eyes.
The one, late snake made thee Gaville! groan.

CANTO XXVI.

Rejoice, O Florence, since thou art so grand,
That thou flap'st wings on sea and on dry ground,
And thy name all the nether world has spanned.
Amongst the robbers such five souls I found,
Thy citizens, whence I feel shame alway,
And no great honour will on thee redound.
But if our dreams are true near break of day,
Thou shalt within a short time undergo
That for which Prato and some people pray;
10 Had it already come, it were, e'en so,
Come late, and would it were, since it must be,
It will hurt more, the older I may grow.
We left, and up the staircase painfully,
That jutting stones had made for our descent,
My Guide remounted, drawing with him me.
And thus pursuing our lone way we went
Where feet without the hands had been in vain,
Clambering where block or ridge was prominent.
I grieved me then, and now I grieve again,
20 When I reflect on what I had descried;
More than my wont my intellect I rein,

Lest it should run where Virtue does not guide,
And I begrudge myself whate'er of best
Some kindly star or higher power supplied.
As when a peasant, on some hill at rest,
In summer-tide, when he who lights the skies
For most time shows his splendour manifest,
And evening gnats have ta'en the place of flies,
Sees fireflies in the vale beneath at night,
30 Where maybe his ploughed field or vineyard lies;
With quite as many flames seemed all alight
The eighth deep cleft, as I became aware,
When I was where its bottom came in sight.
Like him who took his vengeance with a pair
Of bears, and saw Elijah's chariot go,
The horses mounting up erect in air,
His eyes pursued the flight, but only so
That he could see the flame and nought else left,
Like to a fleck of cloud that mounts aglow.
40 So moved along the throat of that sunk cleft
The flames, and each one robbed a criminal
From being seen, and none e'er shows the theft.
Craned o'er the bridge's summit, I watched all;
Had I, not holding by a stone, so leant,
No push had been required to make me fall.
When as my Master saw me so intent,
"Souls are within those flames," he said to me,
"Each swathes him with his fiery punishment."
"Master, thy words augment my certainty,

50 But I had, ere thou hadst begun to say,
Thought it was so, and wished to ask of thee
Who is in that cleft flame that comes this way,
As cleft as that which rose up from the pyre
Where Eteocles and his brother lay."
He said, "Ulysses suffers in that fire,
With Diomed; God's vengeance is the same
For both, since both together earned his ire.
Together they lament within their flame
The ambush of the Trojan horse, from whence,
60 As gate, the noble seed of Romans came.
There craft that made Achilles' great offence
Felt by Deidamia still, though dead,
And the Palladium stolen, have recompense."
"If those within the fires can speak," I said,
"I pray thee much, and pray again, that so
Only one prayer be as a thousand weighed,
Unto my stopping here say thou not no,
Until the flame with horns advancing there,
My wish lo! bends me towards it, pass below."
70 Then he to me—"Most worthy is thy prayer
Of praise, and therefore shall acceptance gain;
But keep thy tongue in silence with all care,
And let me speak, I see and can explain
What thou wouldst say to them, for else perchance,
They, being Greeks, thy talking might disdain."
My Leader waited for the fire's advance,
Until fit time and place for speaking came,

And then I heard him make this utterance:
"O ye, that are a pair within one flame,
80 If I deserved of you in life gone by,
If more or less I added to your fame,
When in the world I wrote the verses high,
Do ye not move till one of you has told,
Where, being lost, he laid him down to die."
The greater horn within that flame of old
Began to waver, murmuring in the air,
Like flames that by the blasts are vexed and rolled.
Then moved about its top, as though it were
A tongue wherewith to speak, and then we trace
90 This utterance flung forth—"When I could tear
From Circe, who for more than one year's space,
Hard by Gaeta, hid me and forbade
To part, ere so Æneas named the place,
Nor tenderness for son, nor reverence had
For father now grown old, nor plighted love
That should have made Penelope so glad,
Could overcome within me, or e'en move
The passion felt to know the whole world through,
And all men's virtues and their vices prove.
100 So I sailed out to sea on voyages new,
With one bark only, and in company
With some who would not leave me, a small crew,
I saw both shores to Spain successively,
And to the Moors, and the Sardinian isle

Was touched at, and all circled by that Sea.
I and my mates, grown old and slow meanwhile,
Arrived at last, where Hercules has set
Pillars as tokens by the sea-defile,
That men no further might presume to get.
110 I stood out, leaving Seville to the right,
And Ceuta on the left much further yet;
'O Brothers, that through perils infinite,'
I said, 'came hither to the Western Main,
To such small waking season ere the night,
As to your senses may unspent remain,
Grudge not the knowledge of unpeopled Earth,
That, following the sun, you may attain.
Bear in remembrance your most noble birth,
Not to live like the brutes were ye born men,
120 But to pursue all science and all worth.'
All my companions grew so eager then,
Through that small speech, to prosecute the way,
I scarcely could have turned them back again.
Keeping the stern towards the rise of day,
We made us wings of oars for that mad flight;
Our course still gaining southing westward lay.
Night saw yon skies with all their stars grow bright,
Our northern heaven so far beneath had gone,
It did not show above the ocean's height.
130 Five times were quenched, as oft rekindled, shone
The beams that from the lower moon-disk pour,
Since that adventure high was entered on,

When we descried a mountain all dimmed o'er,
And grey, through distance, that appeared to go
So high, as I had ne'er seen one before.
Whence we had joy, which soon was turned to woe,
For a tornado came from that high ground,
And struck our vessel's bows a heavy blow,
And thrice in whirling waters turned her round;
140 On the fourth turn the force, since so willed He,
Made poop mount upward, and stem downward bound,
Until above our heads had closed the sea."

CANTO XXVII.

ALREADY was that Flame erect and still
  Through speaking not, already was it gone,
  With the sweet Poet's licence and goodwill,
When a Flame following behind that one,
  By murmurings confused that seemed to burst
  From out its summit, drew our eyes thereon.
As the Sicilian bull (that bellowed first
  With the loud groans of him—it served him right—
  Who with his tools had shaped that figure erst)
10 Aye bellowed with the voice of some poor wight
  Within, and, hence that bull, though made of brass,
  Yet seemed in its own tones to mourn its plight;
So, through at first not finding means to pass
  Upward in that dense fire, the sad woods grew
  To roar with those same sounds fire blazing has;
But when at length they found clear passage through
  To the point where that quivering they made,
  The tongue gave them, as over it they flew,
"O thou to whom I lift my voice," they prayed,

20 "Whose tongue just now was speaking Lombard talk——
'You may go now, I speer no more,' it said—
Though somewhat late perhaps I hither walk,
Bear thou to stop and talk awhile with me,
See! I can bear, these flames are not a balk;
And if thou'rt fallen to this obscurity
Just now from our sweet Latian home afar,
Whence I brought all my load of perfidy,
Say, in Romagna is there peace or war?
On mountains 'twixt Urbino and that rent
30 Of hills I lived, where Tiber bursts its bar."
I was still bending down with looks intent,
When my Conductor, touching on my side,
Said, "Speak thou, he is Latin by descent."
I was prepared before to have replied,
And quickly 'gan that answer to declare,
"O Spirit, that in hiding dost abide,
Thy own Romagna is not, nor was e'er,
Free from its tyrants' purposed combating,
But still I left no open contest there.
40 Ravenna is unchanged in everything,
Polenta's Eagle broods there on his nest
So that he covers Cervia with his wing.
That town which stood so long the siege's test,
And made a bloody heap of French it slew,
'Neath the green Lion's claws lies now at rest.
Verrucchio's ancient Mastiff and the new,

Who made Montagna's evil fate betide,
Where wonted, pierce with teeth like gimlets through.
The lion in white field to towns is guide,
50 That by Lamone and Santerno lie,
'Twixt Summer and the cold he changes side.
And that town which the Savio passes by,
As it lies 'twixt the mountains and the plain,
So lives 'twixt freedom and a tyranny.
Now tell us who thou art, I pray thee deign
To be not harder than those met before,
So may thy name a place on earth retain."
After the Fire had made somewhile a roar
In its own manner, moving here and there
60 Its pointed top, it 'gan these words outpour—
"If I believed that this my answer were
To one, who might some time hereafter be
On earth, this flame no more would shake the air;
But since that, if they tell me truthfully,
No one did e'er return alive from here,
I answer with no fear of infamy.
I was a man of arms, then Cordelier,
And thought, thus girt, to have made recompence
For sins, from which I had, as hoped, been clear,
70 But for the Arch-Priest—may ill betide him hence!
He brought me to my former guilt anew,
How, and for what, hear now intelligence.
While I was soul of flesh and bones which grew

Erst from my mother's gift, my deeds were things
Not lion-like, but such as foxes do.
All stratagems, all secret burrowings,
I knew, and gained in them such mastery,
That to the ends of earth my fame took wings.
When as my life had come, as I could see,
80 Near port, when every one is bound of right
To lower sails and coil up ropes left free,
That irked me, which had been till then delight.
Repentance and confession brought me ease,
Ah, wretched me! they would have changed my plight.
But then the Prince of modern Pharisees
Was waging war close by the Lateran,
No Saracens or Jews were enemies,
For every of them was a Christian man,
None with the Soldan taking Acre had been,
90 None traded where he rules as Sovereign.
High office, holy orders, to demean
He shunned not for himself, nor to degrade
In me the cord, once making wearers lean.
As Constantine implored Silvestro's aid
On Mount Soracte to get purified
From leprosy, I was as Doctor prayed
By yonder priest to cure his feverish pride;
But since his phrases seemed inebriate,
His wish for counsel was not gratified.

100 But then he said, 'Do thou not hesitate,
I shrive e'en now the sin, teach how to cast
Down Penestrino to a ruined state.
I can both open heaven and shut it fast,
Thou know'st; two are the keys thou seest hence,
Not valued by the Pope before me last.'
I was moved then by such grave arguments,
And thinking silence was the worst of all,
I said, 'O Father, since that thou dost cleanse
Me from that sin, wherein I now must fall,
110 Large promises, performance limited,
Will make thee triumph in thy lofty hall.'
Saint Francis came for me when I was dead,
But one of the black Cherubim made prayer,
Saying, 'Do me no wrong, touch not his head,
He must sink 'mongst the wretches in my care,
Because he gave advice so fraudulent,
From which time forth, I have been at his hair.
None is absolved, if he do not repent,
None can repent contemporaneous will,
120 Because the contradiction must prevent.'
Ah me! what shuddering fears I had of ill,
When he seized me, and said, 'Thou didst not find
Perhaps till now my great logician's skill.'
He carried me to Minos, who then twined
His tail eight times his cruel body round,

And after biting it with furious mind,
Said, 'One to be with hiding flames enwound
This is.' Hence, lost here, as thou seest, I go,
Fire-clad—and thus tormented o'er the ground."
130 And after he had ended speaking so,
The Flame departed from us mournfully,
Its sharp point writhing, flapping to and fro.
My Guide and I went from that cavity,
Along the crag and up the bridge's height
That spans the moat, in which those pay the fee,
Whose burden comes, because they disunite.

CANTO XXVIII.

Who could e'er, e'en in words unbound by rhymes,
Describe the blood and wounds now seen by me
Completely, though he tried at several times.
Sure every tongue would show deficiency,
Being by our scant speech and mind withstood,
Which for such matter lack capacity.
E'en were one to collect the multitude,
Which in Apulia, land of changeful fate,
Have ere now grieved for their own loss of blood
10 Through Romans, or that war so long and great,
Wherein the noble spoil of rings was gained,
As Livy's writings, who errs not, relate,
With the throng smarting from the blows sustained
In arms, resisting Robert Guiscard's might,
And those whose bone-heap has till now remained
By Ceperàn, where each Apulian knight
And man broke faith, or Tagliacozzo, where
Old Alard won, and not by arms, the fight;
And these pierced limbs, those shortened stumps, laid bare,
20 That sight would be as nought to represent

The ninth pit's fashion and the horrors there.
I saw a form exhibiting a greater rent
Than casks from which a head or stave is wrung,
Cleft open from chin downward to the vent.
About his legs his entrails, flapping, hung,
Lungs, and heart showed, and that foul bag beside,
Which changes all we swallow down to dung.
While in that sight I was all occupied,
He looked at me, and cried, "Do thou mark how
30 I am rift," opening his bosom wide;
"How Mahomet is crippled, notice thou;
Ali, still weeping, goes before me, slit
Right through the countenance from chin to brow,
And all the rest, thou seest in this pit,
Were sowers of discord and schism 'mongst men
In life, and therefore here they are thus split.
A Devil, there behind us, has his den,
Who deals thus cruelly with all this pack,
And will put each to his sword's edge again,
40 When we have circled round this mournful track;
Because our wounds will all be healed anew,
Before we shall in front of him come back.
But thou, who art thou stopping thus to view
Upon the crag, to put off going hence,
Perhaps, to pains for self-charged crimes judged due?"

"Nor Death has reached him yet, nor an offence
Brings him," my Master said, "in pain to stay;
But to give him complete experience,
I, who am dead, am bound to show the way
50 Through hell, down there from ring to ring;
And this is accurate, just as I say.
More than a hundred, when they heard this thing,
Stopped in the moat to gaze on me with heed,
Forgetting torments through pure wondering.
"Tell Fra Dolcino, therefore, he has need,
Thou who perhaps to sunlight wilt soon go,
If he wish not to follow me with speed,
To store up victuals, lest a stress of snow
Take to the Novarese a victory,
60 Not gained with ease by other ways than so."
While Mahomet was speaking thus to me,
His foot in act to go was poised in air,
Then stretched and set to ground, as started he.
Another with his windpipe pierced was there,
Who had his nose cut off up to the eyes,
And but one single ear, and not a pair.
He had with all the rest stopped in surprise
To gaze, but oped in speech that wind-pipe first,
Reddened all o'er outside in blood-stained guise,
70 Saying, "Thou whom no sin has made accursed,
And whom, unless resemblances mislead,
I knew above in Latin countries erst,
Pay to Pier da Medicina heed,

If to the plain that slopes to Marcabò,
From far Vercelli, thou return indeed,
And let those two best men of Fano know,
Messer Guido, I mean, and Angiolèl,
That, if not vain be foresight here below
Near La Cattolica, I can foretell,
80 Cast from their boat to sea they will be drowned,
Through treachery practised by a tyrant fell.
'Twixt Cyprus and Majorca and around,
Neptune ne'er saw, not e'en by pirates done,
Not e'en by Greeks, wrong-doing so profound.
This traitor sees with one eye—only one—
And rules that town, to which, one here with me
Desires so much that he had never gone.
He'll make them come to parley and agree,
And then cause them to need no vow or prayer
90 To be from Mount Focara's storm-blast free."
Then I to him—"Now show me and declare
Who that is—if thou wouldst that I recall
Thy name on earth—who met such evil there."
On his companion's chin he then let fall
A hand, and oped the mouth to show its state,
Saying, "See him, he cannot speak at all.
In exile he quenched scruples, as too late,
In Cæsar, whom this one at that place told,
It ever hurt a ready thing to wait."
100 Ah! how bewildered seemed he to behold,
With tongue cut out to e'en the root and base,

That Curio, whose speech was once so bold.
I saw one with both hands cut off then raise
The bleeding stumps in air obscure as smoke,
So that blood dripping thence befouled his face.
"Thou wilt remember Mosca too?" he spoke;
"My phrase—'Thing done has head on'—here my bane
Was seed of evil to the Tuscan folk."
I added, "And of death to thy own strain,"
110 Whence he, by woe heaped up on woe distressed,
Went off like one beside himself for pain.
But I remained to contemplate the rest,
And saw a thing I should not willingly
Without some further proof than mine attest,
Did not my conscience now encourage me,
A comrade good, that makes me frank and bold,
Under the shield of conscious purity.
I surely saw, I still meseems behold,
A moving headless trunk exhibited,
120 That walked like all the herd in that sad fold;
It carried by the hair the cut-off head,
Hung to the hand, as men with lanterns go.
And that head looked at us, and "Ah me!" said.
That Form made self a lamp to self to show
The road, and two in one, in two one, lay;
How this can be, He knows who rules it so.
When it to quite the bridge's foot made way,
It raised an arm and bore the head on high,

To bring near unto us what it would say,
130 Which was, " Mark thou this troublous penalty,
Thou who still breathing go'st to see the Dead
And see if any has such woe as I.
That news of me be through thy aidance spread,
Know that I am Bertrand de Born, the one
By whom the Young King was ill-counsellèd.
I made rebel against the sire, his son.
'Twixt Absalom and David nothing more
Was by Ahithophel's bad goadings done.
Because I parted those so joined before,
140 I bear, thus severed from its origin,
My brain, which jointed on this trunk I bore.
Retaliation punished thus my sin."

CANTO XXIX.

THE crowds of people strangely wounded made
My eyes intoxicated with such woe,
They would have willingly there weeping stayed.
But Virgil said, "Why keep'st thou gazing so?
Why do thy eyes keep still examining
The wretched mutilated shades below?
At other pits thou didst not do this thing.
If thou wouldst count all spirits in this plight,
Think that through twenty-two miles winds this ring.
10 And now the moon beneath our feet sheds light,
The time is small left granted for the way,
And thou must see some things not yet in sight."
"Hadst thou observed," I then commenced to say,
"Why I was gazing, with a heedful mind,
Thou wouldst perhaps have pardoned the delay."
Meanwhile my Leader went, and I behind,
Replying in that manner as I went;
I added, "In that pit I think confined,
On which I kept my eyes so closely bent,
20 A spirit of my kin now weeps in pain

That sin, which costs so much in punishment."
And then the Master said, "Do thou not strain
Thy thoughts on him, but henceforth rather aim
At other things, and let him there remain.
For I saw him, when near the bridge he came,
Point out and with his finger menace thee.
Geri del Bello is, I heard, his name.
Thou wast engrossed with him so utterly,
Who had once Altafort for residence,
30 Thou didst not look that way until left free."
"My Guide! the death he met by violence,
For which he has no vengeance yet," I said,
"Taken by any shamed by that offence,
Makes him disdainful, and for this he sped
From me not speaking, as I judge the case.
In me this has more kindness for him bred."
And with this talk we reached the nearest place
On the crag, whence the other valley showed,
Had there but been more light, to e'en its base.
40 When we just o'er the furthest cloister strode
Of Malebolge, so that to our view
Became now visible its brotherhood,
Various lamentations shot me through,
With arrows which were tipped with piteousness
Whence over both my ears my hands I drew.
What woe would be, if all the sicknesses,
Chiana's vale, in heats on from July,
Maremma and Sardinia possess,

Were all collected in one cavity,
50 Like woe was here, and such stench came from here,
As comes of wont from limbs that putrefy.
Down from the reef we went, to see from near
On the last dyke, and leftward still preferred
To go, and then my sight grew livelier
Down tow'rds the floor, where she, that never erred,
Justice who executes our Lord's decree,
Tortures false-doers she has registered.
I do not think it was more sad to see
All people in Ægina sickening,
60 When the air was of such malignity,
That even down to worms, each living thing
Fell stricken down, and then the race of yore,
As poets for a fact most certain sing,
Grew from some ants, as seed, to be once more,
Than here to see those spirits in decay,
In various heaps, that gloomy vale all o'er.
This on the paunch, that on the shoulders lay
Of one another, this one moved his place
On hands and feet along the mournful way.
70 Onward we went in silence, pace by pace,
Listening to those of weakness too complete
To raise their forms, and looking them in face.
As plates propped each by each are set to heat,
So I saw two forms sit together leant,
Spotted with scabs they were from head to feet.

I never saw a groom so diligent
With curry-comb, whose master might await,
Or who had sat up late in discontent,
As those continuing to quickly grate
80 Their bodies with their nails, through maddening fret
Of itching, which thus only they abate.
And so the nails drew down the scabs thick-set,
Just as the scaling breams with knives is done,
Or any fish that has scales larger yet.
Then my Conductor thus began to one—
"Thou who with fingers so dismailest thee,
And makest pincers of them too anon,
Tell us, if any Latin spirit be
'Mongst those in there, so may thy nails still last,
90 Good for that toil of thine eternally!"
"Latians are we whom thou seest thus downcast,
Both of us here;" in tears he answered so.
"But thou who askedst us, say who thou wast?"
My Leader answered, "I am one to go
With this still living man from ring to ring,
And I intend to show him all below."
Each trembling turned to us, dissevering
Their mutual support, and turned with those
Some others, who heard sidewise everything.
100 The Master then drew tow'rds me very close,
And said, "Tell them whate'er thou will'st to say."

And I commenced thereon, since so he chose—
"So may your memory not steal away,
In the first world, from men's remembrance there,
But live on flourishing for many a day,
Who ye and of what peoples were, declare,
Nor for your doom uncouth and nasty, dread
To tell me openly, who ye once were."
"I was an Aretine," one of them said,
110 "And burnt by Albero the Sienese,
But not, for what I died for, punishèd.
True I told him, by way of joke to please,
That I could raise myself in air and fly;
Having small wit and loving novelties,
He bade me teach him how, and caused that I,
Only for leaving him no Dædalus,
Through one, who treated him as son, should die.
Minos, who cannot err, condemned me thus
To lie in this tenth pit for alchemy—
120 An art of which I living made ill use."
Then to the Poet I—"Now can there be
So vain a race as that Siena bred?
The French are not by far assuredly."
The other leper, hearing what I said,
Answered my thought—"Except, at my request,
Stricca, whose spending was well governèd,
And Niccolo, by whom that costliest
Of fashions, the clove-stuffing, was made known
Within that garden, where such seeds grew best;

130 And save that spendthrift club, in which were thrown
By Caccia d'Ascian his vast woods and land,
While Abbagliato paid by wit alone.
But that thou may'st, who backed thee, understand,
Against the Sienese, now sharply pry,
So that my face may answer thy demand.
Thou wilt in me Capocchio's shade descry,
Who made false metals by alchemic skill,
Thou must remember, could I trust my eye,
How I aped Nature's real works not ill."

CANTO XXX.

When Juno was yon time infuriate
  Against the Theban race for wrongs she had
  Through Semele, and often proved her hate,
King Athamas became so very mad,
  That when he saw his wife and two sons pass,
  She bearing one on either arm, he bade—
"Bend nets, that I may catch yon lioness
  And lion-cubs, as she goes on her run."
  Then stretching forth his talons pitiless,
10 He seized one child—Learchus was that one—
  And whirled him round and dashed him 'gainst a stone;
  She drowned herself, still bearing their last son.
And what time Trojan pride, that was high-flown,
  And stopped at nought, was laid by Fortune low,
  So that both King and Kingdom were o'erthrown,
Hecuba, captive, abject and in woe,
  When she had seen Polyxena first die,
  And then thus agonized began to know
The corpse of her own Polydore hard by
20 The sea, beside herself bayed like a hound,

So much her grief had bent her mind awry.
But never did a fierceness, so past bound,
In Theban frenzies, or in Troy's, abide,
Nor even beasts', much less men's members, wound,
As in two pale and naked shades I spied,
That snapping went, as boars, if they escape
From out the sty, run biting all outside.
One caught Capocchio, whom in the nape
He gored with tusks, and dragged about, and made
30 The belly 'gainst the rocky bottom scrape.
The Aretine who still remained, afraid,
Said, "Gianni Schicchi is that goblin sprite,
And he keeps making on the rest a raid."
Then I—"So may'st thou 'scape the other's bite
Upon thy back! let it not weary thee
To tell who that form is, ere it take flight."
"That is the ancient Ghost," he said to me,
"Of wicked Myrrha, who 'gainst ties of kin
And right her father's mistress grew to be;
40 She compassèd the doing of that sin
By counterfeiting some one different,
As yonder shade, now going off, to win
The champion mare, feared not to represent
Buoso Donati, and to forge his will,
And give due form unto that testament."
When those two maniacs, on whom, until
They had gone by, I had kept fixed my eyes,

Had passed, I turned them to the rest born ill.
And I observed one shaped in lute-like guise,
50 If where man's form begins to separate
Forklike, he had been docked of both his thighs.
Dropsy that makes so disproportionate
Our parts with humours turned to malady,
That face to belly seems inadequate,
Caused him to keep his lips apart, as he
Who has a hectic will for thirsting bend
Chinward this lip, that upward, pantingly.
"O ye who to this world of pain descend
Without a punishment, I know not why,"
60 He said to us, "regard ye and attend
To Master Adam's hopeless misery.
I had while living many things at will,
For but a drop of water now I sigh.
The brooklets that from every verdant hill
Of Casentin join Arno in the plain,
Causing their channels to be moist and chill,
Stand aye before my eyes, and not in vain;
Because I feel more thirsty from that sight,
Than from the ill that wastes my face amain.
70 And Justice, scourging me with strictest right,
That very place in which I sinned employed,
To cause my sighs to have a speedier flight.
For there Romena is, where I alloyed
The coinage with the Baptist's head stamped clear,
For which I left my form by fire destroyed.

Could I see Alexander's bad soul here,
Or Guido's, or their brother's—such a view
I would not sell for Branda's spring brought near
One is already here, if that is true
80 Which those mad spirits running round here tell.
But what boots that? What can these tied limbs do?
Were I but only so far movable,
That in a hundred years I could progress
One inch, I would set out to go round hell,
And seek him 'mongst this people's wretchedness,
Although eleven miles round the circuit be,
And breadth a half a mile and nowhere less.
Through them I'm in this sort of company;
They made me strike off florins from the die
90 That had three carats of impurity."
"Who are those two poor wretches," then said I,
"Who smoke like hands in winter wetted o'er,
And close together by thy right side lie?"
"I found them here when I rained on this floor,"
He answered, "since which neither has changed side,
Nor do I think they will for evermore.
She is one who accusing Joseph lied;
Sinon of Troy, Greek traitor, in him know.
Sharp fever makes that reek intensified."
100 And one of those two, whom he mentioned so,
Annoyed at being called a name so black,

On his swol'n belly struck a hard fist-blow,
As though it were a drum that sounded back.
Then Master Adam struck him on the face
With his arm, that did not like hardness lack,
Saying, "Though power to move from off this place
Is gone, because my limbs bear this great load,
I have an arm yet loose for such a case."
He answered then, "Your arm upon the road
110 Towards the stake had not such readiness;
As much or more in stamping coins it showed."
The Dropsical—"True saying, I confess,
Is that; when Trojans asked the truth of you,
The truthfulness of what you said was less."
"If I spoke false, you uttered coins untrue,"
Said Sinon; "I am here for but one fall,
You for more sins than all the demon-crew."
"The horse, you Perjurer! the horse recall
To mind," he with the swol'n-up belly cries,
120 "And let it pain that this is known to all."
"And let that thirst pain you," the Greek replies,
"That cracks your tongue, and water putrefied
That piles your belly hedge-like round your eyes."
The Coiner—"Your mouth opes, as wonted, wide
To let ill sayings about others pass."
"If I am stuffed with humours, and thirst-dried,
Your body burns, your head bad achings has,
You would not need a lengthy argument
To make you lap Narcissus' looking-glass."

130 On listening to them I was all intent,
When "Just look here," the Master said to me,
"A quarrel 'twixt us is most imminent."
And when I heard him speak so angrily,
I turned towards him with a shame so great,
That it recurs e'en yet through memory.
As one who dreams he is unfortunate,
And while he dreams, he would it were a dream,
Craving what is, as though 'twere not his state;
Like him did I, who stood there speechless, seem;
140 Longing to excuse myself, I made excuse
Meanwhile, and that I did it did not deem.
"Less shame atones for faults more onerous
Than thy mistake has been," the Master cried,
"Cast therefore every burdening sorrow loose,
And make account that I am by thy side,
If it should e'er betide, that Fortune bring
Thee to folk in like quarrels occupied.
Base is the will to hearken such a thing."

CANTO XXXI.

One self-same tongue hurt me, and made begin
And spread o'er both my cheeks a blushing glow,
Then offered me in turn the medicine.
Achilles' lance, which was his sire's, just so,
(As I have heard,) possessed the quality
That it could evil gifts, then good, bestow.
With backs to that broad shelf of misery,
Across the bank which bounds it everywhere,
We went towards hell's centre silently.
10 And less than night and less than day was there.
My vision but a little distance went,
But I could hear a mighty trumpet blare
So loud, it would have made all thunders faint.
When to its origin that sound was traced,
My looks were all in that direction bent.
When battle to a piteous rout had passed,
And Carlo Magno's holy purpose fell,
Orlando did not blow so dread a blast.
And many lofty towers grew visible,
20 As I thought, turning still that way my head.
I cried, "What city is that, Master tell?"
"Because your eyes have wandered on," he said,

"Beyond their reach in this dim murkiness,
It happens that your fancy is misled.
You will see further on, if you progress
That far, how much long distance cheats our eyes,
Then spur yourself somewhat and onward press."
And then he took my hand in kindly wise,
And said, "Before you any further go,
30 In order that the truth may less surprise,
I say those are not towers that yonder show,
But giants set all round this bank, and near,
From navel downwards in the pit below."
As when fog rises and the air grows clear,
Little by little shape themselves to view
Things hidden by the denser atmosphere;
So as I neared, (my eyes still boring through
The thick dark air,) now more and more, the side,
The more my error fled and terror grew.
40 As Montereggion is well fortified
With turrets, and in all its circuit crowned,
So is the rim which rings that circle wide
By fearful giants turreted around,
With half their height, whom ever from the sky
Jove threatens when his angry thunders sound.
The face of one already I descry,
With shoulders, breast, and also partially
Belly, and arms that 'gainst the rib-bones lie.
Nature indeed decided prudently
50 Not to produce such beings, and so cheat

Mars of all tools of such enormity.
If elephants and whales seem not unmeet
For birth to her, who closely scans will thence
The more conclude her kindly and discreet.
For when the mental faculties add sense
To mighty strength and most malignant hate,
People attacked can make no sure defence.
His face appeared in length and breadth as great
As that pine-cone by which at Rome is graced
60 Saint Peter's, and the rest proportionate,
So that the bank which downward from the waist
Concealed him, left so much exhibited,
That three Frieslanders on each other placed,
Boasting to reach his hair, but ill had sped;
Since thirty greater palms I saw below
The part where cloaks with clasps are fastenèd.
"Rafel mai amech zabi almi," so
Did he with that ferocious mouth commence,
Not fitted more melodious tones to know.
70 My Guide said, "Soul without intelligence
Stick to the horn, and so vent thy unrest,
If rage or other passion grow intense.
Look for the cord about thy neck and breast,
For it supports thy horn, O Soul confused,
Which see against thy mighty bosom pressed."
Then turned to me said, "He is, self-accused,
Nimrod from whose bad thought the ill has grown,

That one sole language is no longer used.
Let us not speak in vain, but leave alone
80 This Form, for unto him is every tongue,
As his to others, which to none is known.
We made our journey therefore still more long,
And going leftward for a sling-bolt's flight,
We found a giant greater and more strong.
I know not who reduced him to that plight,
And bound him, but indeed he did hold bound
In front the left arm and behind the right,
With one chain, which confined him, being wound
From the neck down on him, so that it went,
90 In what was seen of him, five times around.
"This haughty one," my Leader said, "was bent
On trying 'gainst the highest Deity
His strength, and earned thereby such punishment.
This Ephialtes showed great bravery,
What time the Giants caused the gods to fear,
Those arms moved then are fixed eternally."
"But if permitted, I should hold it dear,"
I said, "my eyes should gain experience
Of Briareus, the immeasurable, here."
100 "Antæus is," he said, "not far from hence,
Who is not bound and has clear utterance;
He'll set us in the pit of worst offence.
He, you would see, is far on in advance,
He is, like this one, tied and of like make,

Save that he has a fiercer countenance."
Ne'er yet the most impetuous earthquake
So strongly shook a tower, as suddenly
That Ephialtes did his body shake.
And more than ever came a fear on me
110 Of death, to cause which needed but the dread,
Had I not seen how strongly bound was he.
Then we proceeded onwards still, and sped
Towards Antæus, who quite five ells high
Rose o'er the bank, not counting in his head.
" Thou wonted in the fated vale to lie,
Where Scipio a name and glory bought,
When Hannibal with his troops had to fly,
Who there hast full a thousand lions brought,
Thy prey, and hadst thou helped with thy great might
120 Thy brothers, it appears to be yet thought
They would have conquered in yon glorious fight.
Take thou no scorn to set us down below,
Where Frost with ice-bonds holds Cocytus tight.
Say not—'To Tityus or Typhæus go;'
This one can forward what is here your aim,
Therefore bend down nor twist the muzzle so.
He can repay thee in the world by fame,
He lives and looks for long life yet, unless
God's Grace that life should prematurely claim."
130 This being said, that one with eagerness
Stretched out his hand and seized thereby my Guide,

Which hand once Hercules felt strongly press.
Feeling himself so taken, Virgil cried,
"Come near," then so my form to his he knit,
That he and I seemed in one bundle tied.
As Carisenda, to one viewing it,
From 'neath the stoop, appears, if o'er it stray
A cloud, so that the tower hangs opposite;
So seemed to me Antæus, as I lay
140 Watching his bending, and that moment bore
A wish to have gone down some other way.
He chose to lower us gently to the floor
Of Lucifer and Judas, and depose
Us safely there. Then stopped he bent no more,
But as a ship's mast rises, so he rose.

CANTO XXXII.

Did I such rough and croaking rhymes possess,
As would befit that mournful cavity,
To which trend all the higher terraces,
The expression of my thought would be more free,
More copious, but because I have not these,
I now approach the matter timidly.
It is no sport to enter on to please,
To try the whole world's base to represent,
Nor with tongues calling Ma and Pa agrees.
But by those ladies let their aid be lent,
Who helped Amphion's giving Thebes its wall,
That fact and verses be not different.
O people most ill-born most criminal!
Whose place, so hard to tell about, is this,
Better had ye been sheep or goats born all.
When we got down in this obscure abyss,
Beyond the giant's feet and much more low,
I gazing still up at the precipice,
I heard one call to me, "Look how you go,
So that your feet may not unheeding tread
On heads of brethren tortured and in woe."
I saw, when that call made me turn my head,

In front and underfoot, a lake which cold
Made seem not water, but a glass far-spread.
Danube in Austria 'neath so thick a fold
Of ice as here in winter does not pour,
Nor Tanais in climes of chill untold;
Because if Tambernich should topple o'er
On that lake, or Pietrapana's mass,
30 The blow would cause no crack e'en at the shore.
As frogs with muzzles out of water pass
The time in croaking, as the month comes round,
When dreams of gleaning haunt the country lass,
As high as where the blush of shame is found,
Lay sinners sunk in ice with livid hue,
Whose teeth were chattering, like stork's notes sound.
And each held bent his face with downward view,
The cold from mouths, the sadness 'mongst those there
From eyes, the proofs of cold and sadness drew.
40 When I had looked about me everywhere,
My eyes turned downward, and I chanced to see
Two, head to head, so close they mixed their hair.
"Ye with the breasts so near tell, who are ye?"
I said. Their necks bent back from that ice-floor.
And as their heads were raised to look at me,
Their eyes which had been moist inside before,
Poured out quite o'er the lids the tears, which froze

'Twixt them, and tied the two together more.
So close as they were then, hoops never close
50 The staves, wherefore they butted head to head,
Like fighting goats, so high their fury rose.
One from whose form the cold both ears had shred
Was near, and with face looking still below,
"Why make a looking-glass of us?" he said,
"If you desire to learn who these were, know
Their father Albert owned, and they owned too,
The vale down which Bisenzio's waters flow.
They issued from one womb; if you search through
Caïna all, you cannot find a shade
60 More worthy to be stuck in this ice-glue—
Not him whose bosom Arthur pierced and made,
With but one stroke, a sunlit cavity,
Not e'en Focaccia, nor this one so laid,
That further than his head I cannot see,
And Sassol Mascheroni was his name,
You know him well, if born in Tuscany.
And that you may not further questions frame,
I am Camicion of the Pazzi kin,
I wait for Carlin to take off my shame."
70 I saw a thousand faces next, with skin
Purpled by frost, whence I have shuddering
Ever at frozen ponds through thoughts within.
And whilst we walked towards where everything
Possessing weight has tendencies to meet,
I shivering in the gloom ne'er finishing,

Whether through fate, or will, or chance complete,
I know not, but I dashed against one's brow,
As I paced 'mongst the heads, one of my feet.
Weeping he bawled, "Why tramplest on me thou,
80 Unless thou com'st to urge the punishment
For Mont' Aperti, why molest me now?"
"Master," said I, "wait here for me content,
That through his aid, I issue from the yoke
Of doubt, then make all haste on which thou'rt bent."
Thereon the Leader stopped, and then I spoke
To him, still cursing hard and in full flow:
"Who art thou who thus scoldest other folk?"
"Nay, who art thou," he answered, "that dost go
Through Antenora kicking faces here?
90 E'en didst thou live, too hard would be the blow."
"I am alive, and thou may'st hold it dear,"
Was my response, "if thou carest aught for fame.
That I should make thy name 'mongst others clear."
Then he to me—"The converse is my aim;
Be off from hence, no further give me pain,
Thou know'st not flatteries for this pit to frame."
And then I seized him, by the back hair ta'en,
And said, "Thy name thou need'st must now declare,
Or else no hair of thine shall here remain."
100 Whence he—"I will not if thou pluck me bare,

Make myself known to thee by sign or sound,
Shouldst thou fall on my head how oft soe'er."
I had about my hand already wound
His hair, and dragged some tufts out forcibly,
He barking, with his eyes fixed on the ground,
When, "Bocca," one called out, "what can it be?
Wouldst, not content with teeth all chattering, try
That barking noise? What devil touches thee?"
"Now I do not require thy talk," said I,
110 "Accursed traitor, since to thy disgrace,
I will convey true news of thee on high."
"Begone! tell what thou wilt about my case,"
He answered me, "but still forget him not
Of the prompt tongue, if e'er thou leave this place.
He weeps the Frenchmen's money in yon spot,
Him of Duera thou mayst say I spied,
Where dwell the sinners who are not too hot.
And if men ask, who else may there abide—
Di Beccheria, whose gorget was pierced through
120 By Florentines, is also by thy side;
Gian del Soldanier and Ganellon too
Are there; with Tribaldello, I conclude,
Who, while Faenza slept, its bolts withdrew."
When we had left the one by whom we stood,
I saw in one ice-hole two prisonèd,
So that one head appeared the other's hood.

And as one famine-stricken gnaws at bread,
The upper one bit him beneath, and ground
The place where with the nape unites the head.
130 Not otherwise the rage of Tydeus found,
In gnawing Menalippus' temples, vent,
Than this one crunched the skull and all around.
"O thou whose brute-like acts make evident
A hatred 'gainst him whom thou gnaw'st, so great,
Tell me the cause," I said, "so I consent
That if thou hast just reason for thy hate,
Hearing your names and thy own injury,
I will on earth on my side compensate
Thy boon, unless my tongue grow earlier dry."

CANTO XXXIII.

THAT sinner lifted from his fierce repast
His mouth, and wiped it on the hair that grew
Upon the head he had behind laid waste,
And then began—"Thou will'st that I renew
A hopeless woe, which makes my heart still bleed,
E'en at the thought, before the words ensue.
Yet if my speaking will but be the seed
To fruit in shame for this foul wretch I eat,
The while I speak and weep at once, give heed.
10 I know not who thou art, nor how thy feet
Have reached these depths, but as a Florentine,
Judging of thee by what I hear, I greet.
Thou shouldst then know I was Count Ugoline,
And here Archbishop Ruggieri see,
I say next why his form thus neighbours mine.
That through the working of his treachery,
I was first captured, having confidence
In him, then slain, I should tell needlessly.
Of what thou canst have no intelligence,
20 How fiercely cruel was my dying then,
Hear now, and judge if I have just offence.

A small hole leading to that turret-den,
(The Famine-tower through me folk call the place,
And shall therein imprison other men,)
Had shown already, through its narrow space,
Full many moons, when that bad dream, one night,
Rended the veil from off the Future's face.
This one then seemed, as Master and of right,
Chasing a wolf with wolf-cubs on the mount,
That cuts off Lucca from the Pisans' sight,
With wolf-hounds, lean and eager, trained to hunt,
By breed Sismondi and Lanfranchi too,
With the Gualandi, all sent on in front.
After a little run, it seemed, they grew,
The sire and young, forespent with toil and dread,
And sharp fangs gnashing ripped their flanks all through.
And when, ere dawn, I was awakenèd,
I heard my children moaning in their sleep,
Who were with me, and asking after bread.
Thou must be cruel if thou dost not weep,
E'en thinking what my heart foretold me here,
If thou weep'st not, for what dost weeping keep?
And now they were awake, the hour came near
When food had been to us of custom brought,
And each, from bodings of his dream, had fear.

My ears the grating of the door-key caught,
  Locking that tower, whereon I turned my view
  Upon my children's faces, saying nought.
I did not weep, my heart so stony grew,
50 But they wept, and my little Anselm cried,
  'You look so, father, what is ailing you?'
For all that, I wept not, and nought replied
  All through that day, and night next subsequent,
  Until a new sun rose on earth outside.
And when a feeble ray of light was sent
  To that sad dungeon, I could one look see
  'On all the four, from mine not different.
I bit then both my hands from agony,
  They thinking that I did this, overta'en
60 By rage for food, all rose and came to me,
Saying, "Father, much less would be our pain,
  Were you to eat of us; you gave this vest
  Of wretched flesh, do you strip us again."
To grieve them less, I forced my mind to rest;
  We kept dumb while that day and next delayed;
  Ah, cruel earth, why openedst not thy breast?
We had already to the fourth day stayed,
  When Gaddo, casting him at length by me,
  'My father, why do you not help me?' said.
70 He died there. And I saw the other three,
  Plainly as thou seest me, fall one by one,
  In the fifth day and sixth, whence earnestly,
Now blind, I groped o'er each and called anon

On each, for three days after they had died;
Then fasting did what sorrow had not done."
When this was said, with eyes that glared aside,
He fixed in that gnawed skull his teeth again.
That were like hounds', 'gainst bone well fortified.
Ah Pisa! shame of every denizen
80 Of the fair country, where men speak the Si,
Since slow to punish are the neighbouring men,
Let both Caprara and Gorgona flee
To Arno's mouth, and form a barrier strong,
So as to drown all resident in thee.
For if Count Ugoline, as by the tongue
Of Fame accused, thy fortresses betrayed,
To put his sons on such a cross was wrong.
Thou second Thebes! their youth most blameless made
Uguccion and Brigata, as thou know'st,
90 And the other two whose names above are said.
We pass on further, and to where the frost
In rough folds swathes another people, go,
Not looking down, but all face uppermost.
There tears themselves forbid the tears to flow,
And sorrow meeting an impediment
Upon the eyes, turns in to work more woe.
For unto clusters freeze the tears first sent,
And like glass eye-holes in a vizor-case,
Fill up the cups o'er which the brows are bent.

100 And though, as happens with a callous place,
Driven out by cold, all sensibility
Had left its proper home upon my face,
Some wind now seemed to be perceived by me.
Whence I—"My Master, say who moves this air,
Thus deep an unquenched vapour can there be?"
Then he to me—"Thou shalt be quickly where
Thy eyes will give that question its reply,
Seeing the Cause that rains the blast from there."
And then from out the ice-crust I heard cry
110 A wretch, "Ye spirits of such cruelties,
That the last place is yours wherein to lie,
Take off these veils of ice that I may ease,
By venting it, the grief that now lies penned
At heart awhile, till tears again shall freeze."
Then I—"Tell who thou art, if I must lend
Thee help, if then I free thee not as prayed,
Unto the lowest ice may I descend."
"I am Fra Alberigo," then he said,
"He of the fruits from the bad garden set
120 For guests; my figs with dates are here o'erpaid."
"Why," said I, "surely you are not dead yet?"
He answered, "How my body now makes shift
To live on earth, no knowledge here I get.
This Ptolomæa has the special gift,
That souls come hither very frequently,
Ere Atropos has cut those souls adrift.

That thou mayst scrape more readily for me
The tears that have grown glass upon my face,
Know, when a soul commits such treachery
130 As I did, that a devil takes its place
Within, and rules that body as its mind,
While that soul's time rolls out the appointed space.
It tumbles to a cistern of this kind;
Perhaps above the body may still show
Of that same shade, now wintering there behind.
You should know him, if just arrived below,
He is Ser Branca d'Oria; years have run
And many, since he was imprisoned so."
"I think," said I, "your tale a lying one,
140 For Branca d'Oria never yet has died,
And eats and drinks and sleeps and puts clothes on."
"Ere in the Ill-Claws moat," he then replied,
"Where sticky pitch boils, as thou saw'st of late.
His Michael Zanche had begun to bide,
He left within his body, as inmate,
A fiend, and one his nephew's did possess,
Who in his treason was confederate.
But now stretch out thy hand and this ice press
From out my eyes;" but that I did not do;
150 The courtesy his due was churlishness.
Ah, Genoese! men hating to pursue
Aught good, and full of vices multiplied,

Why is not all the world made rid of you?
Since with Romagna's worst soul, I descried
One of you, such that through his deeds of ill,
He must in spirit in Cocytus hide,
And seems on earth in body living still.

CANTO XXXIV.

"SINCE now 'Vexilla regis prodeunt
  Inferni' us-ward try," my Guide said so,
  "If thou seest him by looking on in front."
As shows from far, when foggy breezes blow,
  Or gloaming-tide comes on our hemisphere,
  A mill whose vanes wind-driven whirling go;
I seemed to see a tower like that appear.
  Then, for the wind, I shrank behind my Guide,
  Because no other sheltering place was near.
10 I was, I write the verse still terrified,
  Now where the spirits are ice-covered all,
  And show like specks in crystal from inside;
And some lie flat, and some are vertical,
  This has feet uppermost, and that the head,
  Others lie feet to head, rolled like a ball.
Whenas toward that Being I was led
  So far on, that my Master thought it good,
  That erst fair face should be exhibited,
He set me first and held me where I stood,
20 Crying, "See Lucifer, the place behold
  Where thou must arm thyself with fortitude."

O Reader, ask me not how icy-cold
And faint I grew, for I could not relate,
Because all speaking would leave that untold.
I was not living, not inanimate,
Try for thyself, if apt, to realize
What was, thus left 'twixt life and death, my state.
I saw the lord of that sad empire rise
Above the ice, from mid-breast upwards free;
30 I am more near to giants in my size,
Than with his arms they claim equality.
Think, Reader, how immense must be the whole,
That has its parts of such size fittingly.
If hideous now, he was as beautiful,
Yet 'gainst his Maker disobedient,
Well may all woe derive from such a soul.
Ah me! I saw, with what astonishment,
A head which had three visages thereon,
One ruddy, which was that most prominent,
40 And of the other two that with this one
Just o'er each shoulder's very midst unite,
And are upon the topmost crown in union;
The right one's hue, 'twixt yellow was and white,
The left one's tint like men's who come from where
Nile tumbles to the valley from the height.
Beneath each face there issued forth a pair
Of wings, of size to suit so huge a bird,

I have not seen a sail so monstrous e'er.
They were not plumed, but like bat's wings, and whirred
50 From rapid fluttering; and from these there blow
Three blasts of wind by the quick motion stirred:
Hence ice-fields over all Cocytus grow.
And with six eyes he weeps, the tears down o'er
Three chins with blood-stained slaver dripping flow.
His teeth, as flax is drawn by heckles, tore
At every mouth a sinner, and there were
In this way three who suffered torments sore.
The first felt bites as nothing to compare
With scratches whence his back was scarified,
60 So that oft all the flesh thereon was bare.
"The soul above there is," the Master cried,
"Judas Iscariot, who bears most woe,
And has head in and shakes his legs outside.
Of the other two who have their heads below,
See Brutus from the sable mouth depend,
Who will not speak, but wriggles to and fro;
Cassius who seems so strong-limbed makes the end.
But night is rising, and we have surveyed
The whole, and must now, leaving Hell, ascend.
70 I clasped him round the neck just as he bade,
Then for the fittest time and place he spied,
And when the wings were wide enough displayed,

He fixed himself upon the shaggy side,
And then from tuft to tuft made his descent
'Twixt ice-blocks and the thickly covered hide.
As down the haunches' broadest part we went,
Just where the thigh is jointed on in men,
My Guide with toil and struggling efforts bent
His head to where his feet had been, and then,
80 As one who mounts, he grappled to the hair,
So that I thought he climbed to Hell again.
"Keep fast thy hold, it needs by such a stair,"
The Master, like one tired, said pantingly,
"To go from ills so great to upper air."
Then having traversed by a cavity
A rock, and set me on the edge for seat,
He climbed with wary stepping up to me.
I raised my eyes and thought that they would meet
A view of Satan as I saw him last,
90 But saw him holding uppermost his feet.
If I grew troubled then and all aghast,
Let the dull people think, who cannot say
What was the point that I had overpassed.
"Up," said the Guide, "on foot without delay!
The way is long, and through rough passages,
The sun has reached the second hour of day."
Not a smooth corridor of palaces
That place is, but a natural cave it is,
With bad foot-hold and light in scantiness.
100 I said, "My Master, ere from this abyss

I tear myself, that error be undone,
Talk with me now a little about this—
Where is the ice? And how got fixed this one
Thus upside down? In time so limited
How has the sun from eve to morning run?"
"You still suppose yourself," the Master said,
"Yon side the Centre, where on that Worm's hair
Who perforates the Earth I fastenèd.
Yon side, so long as I went down, you were,
But when I turned myself, you then passed by
The point to which all weighty bodies bear,
And are come 'neath the hemisphere of sky,
Opposed to that which roofs the widest space
Of land, and 'neath whose top He had to die,
Who was conceived and lived without a trace
Of sin, and stand upon the little sphere,
Of which Giudecca makes the other face.
When eve falls there, here morning rises clear,
And still as erst the one, whose fell has given
A ladder to our hands, stops fastened here.
This is the side on which he fell from heaven,
And land then spreading on this side, through fright
He caused, was 'neath a veil of ocean driven.
And came to our half-world; perhaps at sight
Of him what land is in the South Sea found
Left Hell a void and gathered to a height."

From Satan runs a passage underground
  Upward, as long as downward Hell extends,
  Not known by being seen but by the sound
130 Of a small brook, that through a cave descends,
  Eroded by the streamlet as it flows,
  And not abruptly, but in spiral bends.
We entered on the hidden path, that goes
  Up through that cave to seek the splendid sky.
  We did not care to stop to take repose,
But ever clomb, he first and next him I,
  Till through a rounded hole, where nothing bars
  The view, appeared the beauteous things on high.
We went forth thence to see again the stars.

NOTES.

Canto I

32. The meaning of the Panther, the Lion, and the Wolf is much disputed. I think that they symbolize Sensuality, Pride, and Avarice, with a side reference, perhaps, to Florence, the King of France, and the Papal Court respectively. This matter is discussed at great length in Wegele, ed. 1879.

37. This morning is the Anniversary of the Crucifixion in 1300, the Jubilee year (Inf. 21, 113, Purg. 2, 98), and probably Friday, March 25, the traditional date of the Crucifixion, and not Good Friday, April 8, 1300. See notes to Inf. 21, 113, in Philalethes, and beneath.

101. The Hound is probably Can Grande (1291–1329), Lord of Verona.

Canto II.

94. The Virgin Mary. She and Santa Lucia, of Syracuse, and Beatrice symbolize, according to Philalethes, "gratia præveniens, gratia operans et cooperans, and gratia perficiens" respectively.

122. So Boccaccio and Benvenuto da Imola. Or is it,

"Why make thy heart a bed for cowardice?"

Canto III.

5. Omnipotence, the Highest Wisdom, and the Primal Love, represent the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost respectively.

60. Probably the abdication of Pope Cœlestin V. is referred to.

He was a simple person, and partly frightened into abdication by voices heard at night, supposed to be supernatural, but really contrived by Cardinal Gaetano, who succeeded him under the title of Boniface VIII., and then imprisoned the old Pope. Cœlestin died in 1296, and was canonized by Pope Clement V. in 1313, before the publication of the Inferno.

Canto IV.

32. I prefer the sense of the rejected reading *porta*, thus:

> "Who are the forms you see, and yet it needs
> That you, ere going further, understand,
> They sinned not, but e'en when they do good deeds,
> The unbaptized work unavailingly;
> Baptism, as gate, to your religion leads."

107. The seven walls symbolize either seven virtues, or the seven liberal arts, of the Trivium and Quadrivium.

Canto V.

65. Petrarch also puts Achilles amongst those who died for love—"Africa," vi. 57.

74. Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, married Gianciotto (Lame John), son of Malatesta da Verrucchio, Lord of Rimini, about 1275 (?). Shortly after the marriage, Gianciotto killed her and his brother Paolo. Some say that she was cheated into this marriage, supposing that she was marrying Paolo.

127. What were they reading without a thought of harm? Perticari, as cited in the Padua edition of Dante, of 1822, says an obscene romance prohibited by Pope Innocent III. (?) in Dante's lifetime in 1313, and he quotes the very passage read, from the "Historia di Lancilotto," printed at Venice in 1558, which Scartazzini reprints, with an insinuation of his own at the end. The "Historia di Lancilotto" professes to be a new translation from the French, and was probably made from the French edition of 1513, which is printed from manuscripts purporting to be not

original. Perticari is squeamish in calling the story obscene, and, I believe, mistaken in saying that it was prohibited by any Pope. The coughing mentioned in Par. xvi. 15, and Galehault's standing so as to screen the lovers, as mentioned in Boccaccio's Commentary, and the sun shining through Mordred (Inf. xxxii. 61), agree with the French romance translated in the "Historia di Lancilotto." But it must be observed that Benvenuto da Imola, commenting on Inf. xxxii. 61, cites according to Tamburini's translation "Gualtiero inglese" (Walter Mapes?) "nella Cronaca Britannica" for Mordred's death, and that in the French romance Ginevra kisses Lancelot, and that is the gist of the passage.

A modernized version may be seen in Paris, "Les Romans de la Table Ronde," 5 vols. 1873–77. One part of the story is called in the manuscripts "Galehault, or, Le Prince Galehault" (Paris, iv. 371). The story was very popular in Dante's time, and long afterwards. The author of the "Dittamondo," written before 1360, professes, in a passage translated by Mr. Rossetti in "Dante and His Circle," to have visited in England the principal scenes of Lancelot's adventures. I may add that the author of the "Dittamondo" is accurate in referring to Erech and Enid, which was a romance by Chrestien de Troyes (Holland Ch. de Troyes, 1854), but scarcely so accurate in crediting some small island near Britain with producing men with tails, although both the English and Gascons were so slandered. (Hortis, "Scritti Inediti di Petrarca," 198, and Rossetti, 435.)

Whether there was any Italian or Provençal version in Dante's time is doubtful. Boccaccio says that Francesca and Paolo were reading "Romanzi Franceschi;" Benvenuto da Imola says a book in the vulgar tongue of the Round Table; Tasso says that Arnaut Daniel, who did write romances (Purg. xxvi.), wrote of Lancelot; but Bartsch (Grundriss, etc., 1872) denies that.

142. The Italian "E caddi come corpo morto cade" is supposed to imitate the thud of a dead body falling. I am partly indebted to Mr. Tomlinson for my translation, although it is literal, because I failed to find a rhyme, when I first tried.

Canto VI.

52. Ciacco is said to mean Hog. He was a spendthrift *bon-vivant* and diner-out. Boccaccio refers to him in a passage translated by Longfellow.

64–74. This passage relates to the dissensions between the Neri and Bianchi from 1300 to 1304, and the intervention of Boniface VIII. or Charles de Valois. The two just men are probably Dante and Guido Cavalcanti.

Canto VII.

1. No satisfactory explanation has been given of these words.

Canto VIII.

31. Filippo Argenti is mentioned as an irascible person in the Decameron. See Longfellow's note to Inf. vi. 52, and Benvenuto da Imola, who says he had a horse with silver shoes, which he called Florence, and so got the nickname of Argenti.

45–50. I think this passage would fit Dante, who knew the man better than Virgil; but I follow the general opinion.

125. This is the occasion referred to by Petrarch (Son. Non può far Morte)—

> "And He who did not grudge to shed His blood,
> And burst Hell's portals open with his feet."

Canto IX.

61. Medusa seems to symbolize Unbelief.

Canto X.

11. "When in mid air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations underground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate,
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake and those who sleep."

Dryden, *To the Pious Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew.*

32. Farinata degli Uberti, chief of the Ghibelline party in Florence, died in 1264. The battle of Montaperti by the Arbia was in 1260.

53. Cavalcante dei Cavalcanti is meant. He was father of Guido Cavalcante, Dante's chief friend ("questo mio primo amico," Vita Nuova, 325).

82. Or is one of these three right ?—

"If e'er in yon sweet home you hold the rein,"
"If that sweet life you still in sooth retain,"
"But, so may you to yon sweet life attain!"

92. The use of Fiorenza and Fiesole as words of four syllables was condemned as ignorant by one of my critics. I have explained my views in the Preface. But it was also said that as these words represented Florentia and Fæsulæ in Latin, the diphthongs *io* and *ie* could not be opened in Italian. This seems to me immaterial if true, but it is incorrect. The Italian forms are the normal representatives of the Latin, and *pïorno* (*pluo*) and *lïeto* (*lætus*) occur in Purg. xxv. 91, and "Boccaccio Caccia di Diana," p. 59 (Moutier's ed.). I know of no authority for the supposed rule.

119. The Emperor Frederic II. and Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini are meant.

Canto XII.

17. Theseus is Duke of Athens here, and in La Teseide, and in Chaucer and Shakespeare.

110. Azzolino da Romano died in 1259, a bloody tyrant of Verona and part of Northern Italy. He had a tuft of black hair over the forehead that bristled up when he was in a rage.

120. Guy de Montfort murdered Henry, son of the Duke of Cornwall, in a church at Viterbo, in 1271.

Canto XIII.

21. Witte reads, "Cose che torrien fede al mio sermone," and translates,

"What thou wouldst deem if told a feignèd thing."

But then Virgil had told it, and says so beneath, at line 48. Perhaps, according to the reading "daran" the line might run,

"Proofs making what I say a certain thing."

But then not Virgil, but Pier delle Vigne tells the matter.

58. Pier delle Vigne, Chancellor to the Emperor Frederic II.

120 Lano was a spendthrift Sienese, killed at the battle near Toppo in 1288, declining to escape.

Canto XIV.

103. The image of Time, rent by sin, and standing on an iron foot (the Empire ?) and a clay foot (the Church ?).

Canto XV.

30. Brunetto Latini (1220–1294), a noble Florentine, Dante's teacher. He wrote the Trésor in French, and the Tesoretto in Italian.

Canto XVI.

31. Towards the right, because the stream was on the left. xiv. 126. Here and at ix. 132 only they go rightward.

36. The good Gualdrada refused, it is said, to allow the Emperor Otho IV. to kiss her. Guido Guerra, Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, and Jacopo Rusticucci were distinguished persons, belonging to the Guelph party in Florence. Tegghiaio Aldobrandi counselled the Florentines against the expedition ending in Montaperti.

Canto XVIII.

1. Malebolge = Evil-pouches, a compound invented by Dante.

51. Benvenuto da Imola says that "salse" means a place near Bologna, where the bodies of persons not deserving Christian burial were thrown, and he expressly disapproves of the translation—

"But thou in such sharp pickle set—tell why ?"

130. Witte translates "bald-headed."

134. Or is it,

"Have I
Great thanks from thee? Nay, rather marvellous."

CANTO XIX.

49. Assassins were planted head downward in a hole, and the earth was then filled in according to the law. "Assassinus plantetur capite deorsum ita quod moriatur." (See "Propagginare," in the Della Crusca Dict.)

52. The Popes referred to are Nicolas III. (1277–80), of the Orsini family, Boniface VIII. (1294–1303), and Clement V. (1305–1314).

99. He wanted to marry his niece to the nephew of Charles of Anjou, King of the Two Sicilies.

109–110. The seven sacraments and ten commandments. Philalethes.

CANTO XX.

95. By inducing him to expel his own friends, and then taking advantage of their absence to expel Casalodi.

116. He had spirits who stole his dinners for him from various Courts in Europe. See the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Sir Walter Scott.

CANTO XXI.

41. Bonturo is mentioned ironically. He was a distinguished but very dishonest person at Lucca.

113. "Full thirteen hundred years less thirty-four." Fraticelli argues from this passage, taking the incarnation of Christ at thirty-four years, that it indicates 1301 as the date, which would contradict Purg. ii. 98, unless we suppose Dante to adopt the Pisan reckoning, according to which 25th March, 1300, of the ordinary reckoning was the beginning of 1301. ("Ideler Lehrbuch der Chronologie.")

Canto XXIV.

93. The heliotrope or blood-stone makes its wearers invisible. (See the facetious story of Calandrino in the Decameron, viii. 3.)

142. The prophecy relates to the Expulsion of the White party from Pistoia and Florence. The Vapour is the Marquis Malaspina.

Canto XXV.

3. The gesture of contempt described here is not English, but we have "a fico" in our Dictionary derived from the gesture.

12. The founders were, according to Florentine tradition, Catiline's soldiers.

149. The inhabitants of this town killed Guercio Cavalcanti for robbing, and were punished by his relations.

Canto XXVI.

29. Longfellow's translation of "lucciole" here as "glow-worms" seems incorrect. It suggests the incongruous idea of stationary lights, and Benvenuto da Imola, as translated by Tamburini, says expressly "lucciole, vermi *volanti*, lucenti in tempo di notte." And see the words "lucciola" and "cicindela" in the Italian and Latin dictionaries.

Canto XXVII.

41. The eagle is an armorial bearing of Guido da Polenta.

43. The town is Forli. The green lion is an armorial bearing of the Ordelaffi.

46. Malatesta da Verrucchio, father and son, tyrants of Rimini.

49. Faenza and Imola. The lion on white field is an armorial bearing of Mainardo Pagani.

52. Cesena.

67. Guido da Montefeltro.

85. Boniface VIII.

Canto XXVIII.

16. Charles de Valois passed the Garigliano at Ceperano by treachery in 1266.

17. The battle of Tagliacozzo was between Conradin and Charles de Valois in 1268.

55. Fra Dolcino's fate is described here. Mahomet is interested in him as a heretic. But he was a Reformer, burnt in 1307.

75. The great plain of the Po.

106. Mosca dei Lamberti advised the murder of Buondelmonte. His phrase is the equivalent of our English "Stone-dead hath no fellow." This murder was the beginning of dissensions in Florence.

135. The Young King is Henry, eldest son of Henry II. of England. According to Witte's reading the line is—

"By whom King John was so ill counsellèd."

Canto XXIX.

27. Gerí del Bello was brother of Dante's grandfather.

Canto XXX.

61. Master Adam coined debased florins for the three Counts Guidi mentioned beneath, and was burnt for that crime.

Canto XXXI.

59. The bronze pine-cone, still preserved at Rome, is about seven feet seven inches high. Thirty greater palms = twenty-nine feet.

67. Nimrod's language is said to be unintelligible at line 81. But there are many attempts to understand it.

136. This seems to be the literal translation: The giant backed by the clouds of Hell, looked like the tower backed by a cloud. But several commentators say that Dante means:

"As Carisenda to one viewing it
From 'neath the stoop, if tow'rd that side there stray
A cloud, itself seems falling opposite."

Carisenda is a leaning tower at Bologna.

Canto XXXII.

28, 29. Pietrapana is in the Lucchese territory. Tambernic is the subject of various guesses, but probably is near Pietrapana, according to Philalethes.

47. According to Scartazzini and others, the tears froze—

> "For cold upon the eyes and veiled them o'er."

I imagine them in an ice-hole, but not frozen together. The the tears freeze some part of their bodies together below the heads, which are free to butt at each other. They are Alessandr and Napoleone degli Alberti, and killed each other.

70. Some think Dante means—

> "And then I saw a thousand faces grin
> Like dogs for cold."

106. Bocca degli Abati, whose treason caused the loss of the battle of Montaperti.

116. Buoso da Duera, a leading Ghibelline of Cremona. He allowed a reinforcement of cavalry for Charles d'Anjou to pass unmolested.

Canto XXXIII.

13. Ugolino della Gherardesca was starved to death in 1289.

118. He entertained some kinsmen at supper. When he called for the fruits, his servants rushed in and murdered the guests. One of them, a boy, was sheltering under Alberigo's own gown. So his fruits became a proverb.

137. Branca d'Oria and his nephew treacherously murdered Michael Zanche (Inf. Canto xxii. 88), the father-in-law of Branca d'Oria, in 1275.

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ERRATA.

Preface, page vi., 5th line from bottom, *for* "Blane" *read* "Blanc."

Page 3, line 51, *dele* "all."

Page 102, line 52, *for* "I tell unwillingly, I wis," *read* "I answer with unwillingness."

Page 151, line 66, *for* "Only one prayer" *read* "The prayer I make."

Page 209, line 18 from the top, *for* "lœtus" *read* "lætus."

NOTE.—Some not misleading mistakes are left uncorrected.

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